

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

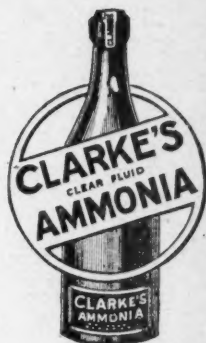
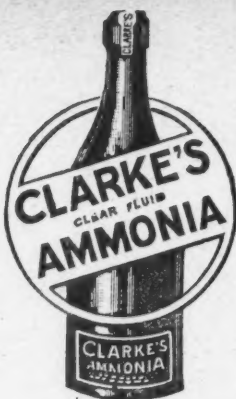
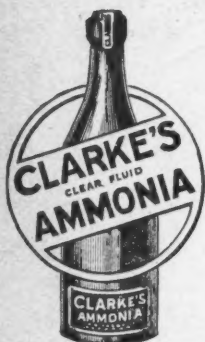


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The Veil of the Temple.

II.

IN a former article on Mr. Mallock's *Veil of the Temple* we saw on what summary and unsubstantial grounds Mr. Glanville and his friends dismissed the Christian form of religion and the basis of historical fact to which it appeals. This was their conclusion in regard to the first of the four questions which they had proposed to themselves to discuss in their sessions at Mr. Glanville's Irish residence. We have now to see how they dealt with the three remaining questions which, it may be remembered, were as follows: (2) If science forces us to abandon belief in any revealed religion, will it at least give us any ground for retaining those general hopes and feelings which all religions share as their common and inmost essence? (3) If it does, in what practical form can such a religion express itself, and in particular what is to be thought of the only forms of expression that have so far been attempted? (4) If, on the other hand, it is found that, though it is easy to discredit Christianity, it is hard to devise a substitute for it, is it possible to recover by some other method than science the greater part at all events of this religion which science has taken away from us?

If, argued Mr. Glanville, addressing himself to these further questions, religion does not come down from Heaven in the form of a revelation, it must be a theory of the human mind. Man is tormented by that sense of sin to which Christian and Buddhist alike testify. Under the stimulus of this torment he cries out for the relief which in his natural optimism he is convinced is somewhere and somehow attainable, and religion is the expression of this belief and of the endeavours to which it impels. Since, however, Mr. Brompton, in the name of his Ethical Church, protests against the term "sin" as involving a theological assumption, it is agreed to substitute, "a certain spiritual distress indigenous to the heart

of man," as a term of less specialized meaning. Mr. Glanville then gives the definition on which the discussion is to be based, as follows: "(Man) is smarting under a Worse and conceives and desires a Better. That is the vital point. The vital meaning of Religion for all of us is a remedy which the mind applies to itself for this state of things; and in every religion the nature of the promised remedy is the same. It is the expansion of the individual life into Something which is greater than itself, but which is at the same time congruous to it—Something the greatness of which will enlarge our littleness, the goodness of which will appease our longing, and the permanence of which will bring us rest." And the important question for the friends in conference to consider in regard to religion thus reduced to its simplest and most essential elements, is how far the beliefs and hopes to which it gives expression can be sanctioned or tolerated by those methods of science which they had seen to be fatal to the old religion of miracle. Having got so far they suspend their sitting for a few hours, and when they meet together again later, under the inspiration of a starry sky, it is happily agreed to restrict somewhat the area of discussion. They resolve to confine themselves for the present to natural religion in its commonest form, and to presuppose that the Greater Something, which has made or pervades the Universe, is "personal or quasi-personal;" Mr. Glanville further pointing out that, in order to make a religion of Theism, two things are necessary. "One is that we attribute to our Power not merely a bare personality, but a personality which is, in some human sense, good. The other is that we supplement our conception of this good Power with a conception of the human soul as something essentially kindred to it." "Theism," he adds, somewhat irreverently, "is essentially an affair of spiritual give and take; and the human party no less than the divine must be duly qualified for engaging in the supreme transaction."

The answer given under Glanville's guidance to this second question on the programme, is again adverse to the claims of religion. Both the Theistic conception of God and the Theistic conception of the human soul involve elements on which science is competent to pronounce, and which it pronounces to be inadmissible. The Theist's God is a personality whose supreme moral goodness is supposed to be demonstrated by the order, beauty, and immensity of the Kosmos, which is His self-

revelation given for the express purpose of assuring man of the reality of this Divine attribute. But the universe exhibits other phenomena besides those which minister to the welfare and happiness of man. If it exhibits its smiling landscapes and peaceful successions of seed-time and harvest, it exhibits also its earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that deal out death and destruction to the unhappy mortals within their reach. And in its vast department of sentient life, if it exhibits the tenderness and self-sacrifice of maternal love, it exhibits also a "nature red in tooth and claw with ravin," that is to say, the internecine strife for bare existence between animal and animal, and often between man and man. Indeed, the most general characteristic of its laws, in the department of sentient as of all organic life, is that, whilst careful of the preservation and progress of the species, it is altogether regardless of the individual lives—whereas it is just the individuals about which the Theist's God is deemed to care. Now if a mother were to pet some of her children but cruelly torment the rest, we should call her a cruel, not a kind person, and this, argues Mr. Mallock—with of course many others—is the character we should have to impute to the author of the Kosmos did we reason like the Theist. Clearly, then, it is more reasonable to see in the Universe no purpose at all, but simply the action of a blind force to which no moral character, good or bad, is ascribable.

On the other hand, the Theistic conception of the soul fails, because to enter into communion with a good and beneficent God, the soul must have a power of free choice and a hope of immortality—free choice, that its approach to the Divine Goodness may have a moral significance; immortality, since without this too little would be at stake, and religion would lack that intense interest and importance to man which is so distinctive a feature of Theism. Yet science has destroyed the foundations of both these two doctrines. As regards free-will, it has been shown that our imagined consciousness of this power, which is ultimately the only plausible argument adducible for the reality of its existence, is nothing more than an optical delusion; and it has shown that every action of the human organism, just as much as every action of the animal and vegetable organism, is completely conditioned and determined by a chain of antecedents of the material order, so that no place is left in the scheme of causality for any free action of the will to supply. And as regards immortality,

it has shown that the soul has not those attributes from its assumed possession of which the theologians infer that it is a distinct entity, independent of the body and capable of surviving its dissolution. The fact of consciousness can no longer be cited for this purpose, since the phenomena of unconscious cerebration, forming as they do an intermediate stage between consciousness and unconscious matter, justify a confident expectation that the continuity between the two extremes will ere long be capable of demonstration; the perception of necessary truths can no longer be cited by the spiritualist, because Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown that these are not innate ideas, but only the stored up experiences of former generations transformed into physiological modifications and transmitted by heredity; nor for a similar reason can the voice of conscience, with its distinctions of right and wrong, be any longer regarded as a voice from Heaven; nor can the unity of the Ego continue to be maintained, because the phenomena of double personality, adding confirmation to other reasons previously established, have now made it clear that this unity, which to consciousness seems so indivisible, is in reality nothing more than the composite unity of a co-ordinated organism.

And so, according to Mr. Mallock, instructing us through his spokesman Glanville, it will avail us nothing merely to disengage our religious beliefs from acceptance of the group of alleged historical events essential to Christianity. We are still face to face with science, which in its victorious advance has also exposed the fallacy of the arguments on which pure Theism has to build. Nor, if it be true that science has really established all the points claimed for her by Mr. Mallock and enumerated above, are we concerned to deny that this destructive result follows. It is a relief, however, to find that the psychological propositions which he dignifies with the honourable name of science, are but the conclusions of the materialistic philosophy. We cannot discuss them now, as we are reserving ourselves for another point in Mr. Mallock's argument. But, inasmuch as in this portion of his book he is clearly thinking of Father Maher's *Psychology*, we may appropriately refer the reader who desires further information to that work, as likewise to Father Maher's article in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1903, from which he may gain an instructive insight into Mr. Mallock's capacity for misunderstanding the arguments he selects for criticism. As for Glanville's anti-theistic argument from the

double-sided aspect of nature—as maleficent as well as beneficent to sentient beings—that also is a point which has often been investigated from the Theistic side, and by no one better than by Professor Flint in his *Theism*. Why is it that none of Mr. Glanville's guests are made to test his crude first statement of the difficulty by opposing to it such replies as Professor Flint's?

If the religion both of the Christian and the Deist are in conflict with exact science, what follows? In the previous article we heard Glanville in his autobiographical reminiscences describe the paralyzing effect upon his own life of the creed of negation, and at the stage of the discussion which we have now reached, he quotes Sabatier as testifying to the same effect. "Our age," says the latter, "has driven abreast the two-fold worship of the moral ideal and the scientific method; but so far from being able to unite them, it has pushed them to a point where they seem to contradict each other. . . . Here we have the origin of that strange *mal du siècle*—a sort of internal consumption—by which all cultivated minds are more or less affected. The more we reflect on the reasons that may be urged in favour of living and acting, the less capable we are of effort and action. Must we then give up thinking, if we would retain the courage to live, or resign ourselves to moral death so as to preserve the right to think?"

Those who have been foremost in attacking Theism in the name of science are by no means prepared to accept this dilemma, and they have invariably sought to create some substitute of which their philosophy can approve, to take the place of the dethroned God of Theism—at least in the function of an inspiring moral ideal. Three such attempts are brought before us in the *Veil of the Temple*, and it may be granted that they sufficiently represent those which have some actuality in the present world. Of these the first is the Hegelian, advocated by Mr. Seaton, who tells his friends that the Absolute Mind and the human mind are akin, and that, as soon as ever this truth is grasped by the imagination, the speculative comprehension of it is turned into the religious passion of the human soul which longs for a personal union with the divine. We need not, however, trouble ourselves with this Hegelian theory, or the curious relation to it which Mr. Seaton discovers in the phenomena of ecstasy. It is too much up in the air.

There may perhaps be a few persons here or there who seriously indulge in this exercise and fancy they find it morally bracing, but by the rest of their species such persons will always be set down as intellectual oddities.

Then comes Mr. Cosmo Brock, whose deliverance is in the book not inappropriately sandwiched between two of Mr. Brompton's. His scheme, being that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, is sufficiently well known. Human society—or as he would say, a social aggregate—would be impossible unless certain rules of conduct were observed by the individuals, and it progresses in proportion as they are observed with greater perfection. But the individual's interests in the first instance are apt to seem to him in conflict with those of the social aggregate, and accordingly the latter feels the necessity of compelling him to conform by a system of punishments, judicial and social, for non-observance. The effect of conformity, thus originally maintained by fear, is that the individual gradually develops an impulse to conform, a physiological modification in this direction having been formed in him by the repeated acts; and it is this impulse, strengthened by the experience of each generation through which it passes, which constitutes the so-called voice of conscience. Moreover, the social result of this action and reaction between the social aggregate and the individual is, on the one hand, a progressive improvement of social conditions, and on the other the evolution in the individual of a feeling of sympathy which makes the sacrifice of egoistic to altruistic ends positively pleasing to him. Finally, in this system, morality is not an end in itself or a perfection in itself, but, on the contrary, a sign and incident of the stage of imperfection. "In proportion as conduct becomes completely moralized, morality, in the old sense of the word, which implied a struggle or self-conquest, disappears. . . . How shall pity survive when no one any longer is pitiable," or self-conquest when altruistic pleasures please more than the egoistic?

Mr. Brompton, who, till he had heard the great man speak, had venerated him in the spirit of a disciple, is intensely indignant at two points in what he now hears—the idea that with the progress of moralization morality will decay and die, and the idea that any ameliorative influence on a large scale can be exercised by a system so cold and uninspiring. Moral virtue, according to Mr. Brompton, is "social endeavour, a constant consecrated struggle to serve and improve one's neighbour," and if

you take from it this element of moral struggle and self-conquest, you take from it the element which constitutes its chief glory. On the other hand, you will never stir the human heart to any sustained endeavour for social progress unless you arouse it to a glowing enthusiasm, a conquering and lifting determination, nor will you ever arouse it to this unless you can set before it what is quite wanting in Mr. Brock's system, an ideal which can master the imagination. Mr. Brompton's own Ethical Church, on the other hand, possesses just these very advantages. "Struggle, heroism, the rapture of self-denial—why these are the very facts with which the Ethical Church starts." And in Humanity, regarded as an organic whole, he finds the sublime ideal we are in search of. He finds it all precisely as the Theists seek it in their fancied God. Indeed, "this Great Being is more than any cosmic God. It surrounds us, creates us, cradles us, helps us from our first hour of life; and it asks of us as our reasonable service that we should also help it."

Mr. Brompton's rhapsody on the fulness with which the individual mind expands till it is fused in Humanity, and likewise by a reciprocal process draws the whole of Humanity into itself, "till the joys and sorrows of others affect us more acutely than our own," ends in a personal misadventure, proving that in him at least this noble fusion has as yet been only too incompletely accomplished. A telegram arrives and is at first taken to announce the crash of a bank in which all his fortune is invested. He is overwhelmed with sorrow, but on the discovery that the telegram has been misread, and others are the real sufferers, his spirits quickly revive—at least till he realizes how completely he has belied his words, on which discovery he takes himself off and leaves the field clear for Glanville to pronounce judgment on the others, and develop his own theory of escape from M. Sabatier's dilemma.

On Mr. Brock's system Glanville pronounces a somewhat feeble criticism, which we may pass over, as the real defects of that system have been pointed out by Mr. Brompton. As Christians of course we should find other serious deficiencies in it, but even viewed from the standpoint of its own intended purpose, it fails because it offers no glowing ideal to kindle the heart. It may work out on paper to the satisfaction of its author, but we all feel that, unless the individual members of his social aggregates can have set before them some more stirring and strenuous inducement than his system offers, their egoistic

impulses instead of becoming transfigured into altruistic impulses, will retain and strengthen their anti-social character, and that it is to their growth in this direction that the influence of heredity will chiefly minister.

In the system of Mr. Brompton's own Ethical Church, Mr. Glanville detects two grave flaws. One is that it lays stress on moral struggles, heroism, and self-sacrifice, forgetting that all this is meaningless except as the outcome of free-will, which nevertheless as Determinists these people resolutely deny. "He smuggles in at the window the doctrine of a mystical freedom which he has just kicked out at the door," says Mr. Glanville, who also points out how this inconsistency is common to all Humanity worshippers. The other flaw is in its ideal of glorified Humanity, but here Mr. Brompton might hold his own against his critic. The Positivist is told to enlarge his conception of Humanity by the aid of his imagination, until it becomes a sort of spiritual cocoon enclosing the individual man. But if he tries this plan, says Glanville, will he be able to stop at Humanity? "Must he not mount higher, and see the cocoon dwarfed by the endless Universe?" Yet there is surely reason in Mr. Brompton's protest that Humanity is higher than the Universe, or at all events that it is more living and more fitted to draw out the sympathies of the human heart. Indeed, our own criticism of the ideal of the Ethical Church is that it might profit by being narrowed rather than broadened. It is hard to see how the thought of Humanity as a whole can ever be made to inspire a man with the sense of kindred and of fusion, and be to him a motive for lofty conduct. But that the thought of country, of county, of school, of regiment, of family, can and does do this, is a fact familiar to us all. We make the Ethical Societies a present of the suggestion. Meanwhile how feeble is the sustaining power of their God Humanity, is well shown by Miss Leighton.

The devotion to Humanity which is to keep us all straight and make us feel so many sublime things, seems to me precisely the kind of sentiment which a solemn, fussy, philanthropic free-thinker, with no temptations and no sense of humour, would delight in, as giving dignity to the fuss he wants to make; . . . but take a man of another kind . . . who is tempted to prefer the society of, let us say, a Lady Hamilton, to a meeting at Exeter Hall. What would this man say if Mr. Brompton or Comte asked him to desert his lady for the sake of Humanity as a whole? He'd simply answer that one living woman who loved him,

concerned him more than a million who were not so much as born ; or rather, to be strictly accurate, I expect he would say : " Hang Humanity."

Mr. Brompton's moral ideal, in short, fails just where Mr. Brock's fails, and fails as egregiously. The theorizing of the Ethical Societies about Humanity may form pleasant pastime for their Sunday services, but it will prove as ineffectual to mop out the tide of anti-social impulse, as Mrs. Partington's broom in mopping out the Atlantic.

But to come now to Mr. Glanville's, that is, Mr. Mallock's, own sovereign remedy for that disease of the age which he recognizes so clearly and deplores so intensely. Here one cannot but regret that in the few pages at the end of his book in which he expounds the nature of his own remedy, he should have allowed himself to be so misty and insufficient. It is really not easy to catch his meaning with precision, but apparently it is as follows. He starts from the definition of religion to which the friends in conference have agreed, and finds that it contains the three elements, free-will, immortality (of some undefined sort), and a Something which is above us but akin to us, and by fusion with which the individual seeks to enlarge his life. As regards this third element, he specifies in these concluding chapters that the Something may be very different from the God of the Christian Saint. It may appeal to us as "the essence of beauty," it may "shine from the liquid melted blue of the skies," or may even touch us "as the Eternal Feminine." When one finds the object of religion made to include so much, one is reminded of Dr. Mivart's story. "A certain Emersonian, having accompanied his wife to see Fanny Elssler dance, remarked to her during the performance, 'Margaret, this is poetry ;' to which his wife replied, 'No, Paul, it is religion.'" Dr. Mivart adds, "Of such religion I willingly make a present to Professor Huxley." Glanville, however, thus enlarges the definition of religion to assist his contention that, in deference to the excommunications of science religion is to be withdrawn from the world, it is not only the aspirations of the Christian and the Theist, but those too of the artist, the lover, the man of the world, which will languish away and die, carrying with them to the grave the finest flavour of civilization.

That the zest and interest of life would perish if the practical belief in free-will were to perish is clear ; and if under religion

we are to include all aspirations after self-enlargement, no doubt the decay of religion in its entirety would spell decay to love, art, worldly ambition, and all similar aims which men pursue. That the decay of belief in immortality would have this general paralyzing effect is a point not so easy to grasp, and on which Mr. Glanville explains himself very insufficiently. Still, it is thus he states his facts, and now for his solution. On the one hand, so he contends, science declares, for reasons which in themselves seem convincing, that there are no such things as Free-will, a Something greater, and an immortal life; and on the other, the soul is irresistibly impelled to claim all three. And yet, again, in proportion as man acts according to this impulse, energy, civilization, even science itself, flourish and progress, whilst, in proportion as yielding to science he strives to resist his impulse, energy, civilization, even science itself, experience at once the ill-effects. Does not this strange paradox suggest that the method of science, convincing as it appears, fails to take cognizance of a certain very real class of facts, whilst the opposite method, irrational as it appears, has contrived to hit these facts? And if this is so, may not one further argue that there is something in what is called "pragmatism," that is, in the theory that "the truth of a religious doctrine is best tested by its practical effects on the believers in it"?

Mr. Glanville sees the difficulty of employing such an argument where the basis of induction is limited, for otherwise, he says, we might have one person arguing for religion because it justifies church-going which he likes, and another arguing against it because it justifies church-going which he dislikes. But he argues that when the good or ill results of the opposing system affect all the departments of life, so that in proportion as the one or the other is accepted, the value of life is preserved or destroyed, then the employment of this pragmatic test is both useful and valid. Such a proposition is indeed far from self-evident, but what he means is that the strange persistency with which the counter-impulse opposes itself to the pronouncements of science, and yet is found to sustain the moral and social edifice which science would undermine,—that this persistency must have a cause which must be sought in some concealed faculty in human nature, apart from the reasoning faculty, which yet shares with the latter in the power to apprehend truth, its special function being apparently to recognize that certain things are unquestionably true which

science is compelled by its own laws to reject as unquestionably untrue. And he appeals for confirmatory evidence of the validity of this mystical faculty to the fact that science itself is based on it, since science left to itself would shut us up in subjectivism, whilst it is only through this mystical faculty that we are certified of the existence of that external world without which as a postulate science itself could not satisfactorily continue its labours. There are, too, other points connected with science in which Mr. Glanville detects a similar intervention of this mystical faculty. Are we not then, he asks, justified in recognizing its causality and the validity of its action in the irresistible impulse which constrains us, to so large an extent in spite of ourselves, to accept as true the three fundamental constituents of natural religion—free-will, God, and immortality?

Here is the method by which Mr. Mallock, after having first taken away from us all our religious beliefs and future hopes in the name of science, undertakes to restore them to us in the name of mysticism. He offers it to the adherents of Christianity, and, in his Preface, seems to anticipate that they will accept it with gratitude as a happy egress from the tight corner in which the advance of science has placed them. It may be doubted, however, if they will regard it in this light. That we have such a mystical faculty we are not ourselves prepared to admit; still there are not a few who do admit it, and among them philosophers of high authority, as, for instance, Mr. Balfour; we shall not therefore object to the theory on that ground. But there are grounds independent of this which Mr. Mallock does not take into account, yet which, in our opinion, exclude his theory altogether. In the first place by what right does he invoke his pragmatic test of truth? A Theist, when not replying to these alleged excommunications of science, might perhaps invoke it, for if there is a God it is to be expected that the conditions under which His creatures can approach Him should tend to brighten, elevate, and develop their lives. But the position in which Mr. Mallock places us is that of men convinced by the sure light of scientific reasoning that they have in them no free-will, no consciousness or feeling personal to themselves, and no enduring being; that they are but incidents in the evolution of a great universe which is itself without any moral purpose, and brings forth good and bad, sweet and bitter, with cold and regardless impartiality; that "every thought, every feeling, every desire, every mystery of

right and wrong, every unconscious impulse, every conscious act of resolve which takes place at any moment in the mind of one of (themselves) is as truly the precise, and the only possible result of the things that have gone before it, and the laws that govern the Universe, as the present position of the moon is . . . or the plunge of those waves in each of which is the impulse of the whole Atlantic." If this is so, and proved by science to be so, then surely our irresistible impulse to regard ourselves as free, our inscrutable belief in a Power above us, our desire to be enlarged by fusion with its greatness, our hopes for the future, and our belief that our lives will be prolonged into eternity that we may have such a future; and likewise the satisfactory results which follow from indulgence in these beliefs and feelings, equally with the unsatisfactory results of the Determinist's scientific resistance to them—all these are also but incidents in the evolution of the Universe, and are as devoid as all else of any moral significance. When then Mr. Glanville tries to draw a moral inference from just these phenomena by the application of his test of pragmatism, is he not doing exactly what he blames Brompton and others for doing—smuggling in at the window what he had previously kicked out at the door?

Secondly, is he not shifting his position in another respect? A mystical faculty certifying us of facts which lie beyond the ken of reason is, whether true or not, at all events an intelligible idea. But Mr. Glanville's previous position was not that science is powerless to pronounce on these points—on free-will, on God, on the immortality of the soul—but that it can and does pronounce on them, and pronounces unhesitatingly the precise opposite of what is attested by the mystical faculty. The mind, that is to say, is called upon simultaneously to affirm and deny the very same proposition. This is quite unlike what some have supposed to be the relation of mysticism to reason in regard to fundamental truths like the reality of the external world, nor is it possible for a well-balanced mind to find comfort in a position so irrational.

Thirdly, what practical purpose is this grotesque act of self-contradiction to serve? There is no need of any theory to gain over the world to a *practical* belief in free-will. Determinist philosophy may spin as many cocoons around it as it wills, but free-will will always break through them and take its part in human life, in that of the Brocks as much as of the Harbours. Nor is there need of a theory to induce men to

go on making love, or seeking to excel in art, or climbing the steepes of worldly ambition. Granted that these pursuits require that men should have before them a Greater Something akin to themselves by fusion with which they can enlarge their being, and a species of immortality to impart seriousness to their efforts, they will continue to find these indispensables within the sphere of present life, whatever theories they may have about the origin or duration of human existence. With moral conduct it will be otherwise. A degree of external observance of the accepted moral code will, as Mr. Brock truly says, be necessary for society, and will be secured by the action of society on the individual. Moreover, a greater or less proportion of men can always be counted on as predisposed by natural character to the exercise of the homely and, in a less degree, of the heroic virtues. But the moral level of the society of the future will subside, and go on subsiding, unless the restraining and inspiring influence hitherto exercised by the religion of Christianity with its creed of revealed truths and historical foundations—the only form of religion which has hitherto exercised such an influence—can be succeeded by one equally efficacious; and such will certainly not be Mr. Mallock's vague form of Theism, deposed by science but restored and kept on its throne by mysticism. Just as the man tempted to incontinency or other sins would—as Miss Leighton has noticed—be apt to say “Hang Humanity” to the Positivists, so would he be apt to say “Hang your mystical faculty and your synthesis of contradictions” to Mr. Mallock.

Lastly, the happiness of life which, as Glanville is made to acknowledge, is killed by the poisonous breath of materialism, will not be restored to life by the new theory. Glanville is not so clear-sighted in his diagnosis of the disease, as was St. Augustine when he said: *Creati sumus ad Te, Deus, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te*—“The heart of man was made for Thee, O God, and the pleasures of this life cannot give it solid peace, as long as it is not at peace with Thee.” Here is the real *mal du siècle*, the only remedy for which is in the confident assurance that God watches over us in love, is able to restore us, and has provided a means of restoration for us, if we will but use it; nor can this confident assurance be supplied merely by the voice of a supposititious mystical sense striving to shout down the opposing voice of science.

Where, then, are we left? In a sorry plight, indeed, if we must accept with Mr. Mallock the conclusions of the materialistic philosophy; and it seems to us that it is just this, and no more, of which his book offers a useful popular demonstration. We are entering on a new century, and there is a general belief that we are on the threshold of a new age. Hope and Progress are to be its watchwords; and it is anticipated that it will yield a harvest of discoveries and achievements, and of improved social conditions, surpassing even what we have reaped in the century just terminated. And yet, if it be true that modern knowledge has made belief in God, or in the soul, or in free-will, no longer possible to a well-balanced and well-instructed mind, Mr. Mallock has shown that it is not Hope but Despair that we must be content to live on; and not a course of progress—at least not ethical progress—but ethical decadence that we must expect to witness.

Still "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Mr. Mallock is right in appealing to the persistency of men's belief in Theism, and the good results which that belief alone shows itself able to effect. If, then, his own theory of a mystical faculty is inadmissible, is not the real moral of his book that one should turn back to reconsider more searchingly, and with less of anti-spiritualistic bias, the question whether, after all, a sound case has been made out by modern philosophy against these three Theistic presuppositions—God, the soul, and free-will; and whether it may not rather be that the verdict of modern, as of ancient knowledge, is a convincing testimony to their reality? It is unfortunate—we repeat it—that Mr. Mallock should have supplied no data for the discussion of these essential points, instead of simply assuming the certainty of the materialistic conclusions; but we have already, in the course of this article, indicated some sources where the reader may find the subject treated.

S. F. S.

Santa Prassede.

"Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace."

(R. B. Browning.)

THE titular church of the recently created Cardinal and Secretary of State is, apparently, not as well known as its merits deserve, a fact which may perhaps be partially explained by its being situated in a secluded street, just a *little* off the beaten track of tourists who pursue their rapid way in a straight line from the Basilica of St. Mary Major to that of St. John Lateran. Those however who turn aside to inspect its beauties are well repaid. Let us enter then by the door in the north aisle, passing the tenth century west-gate, with its Ionic columns, which leads into the atrium of the church, and is hardly ever open. The interior is in the form of a basilica, and sixteen massive granite columns divide the nave from the aisles, disfigured, unfortunately, by most unpicturesque stucco pilasters decorated with modern frescoes representing the twelve Apostles. Santa Prassede has suffered from restoration, and the art of the restorer as practised in Italy is, as a rule, one which leaves much, very much, to be desired. Steps of rosso antico lead to the tribune, which is lavishly adorned with mosaics of A.D. 817—824, mosaics which gleam out in gorgeous colouring, and which, as we gaze at them, a ray of sunshine turns to gold.

"The arrangement of saints at Sta. Prassede," writes the author of *Christian Art*,¹ "is altogether different from that at Ravenna, but equally striking. Over the grand arch which separates the choir from the nave is a mosaic representing the New Jerusalem as described in the Revelations. It is a walled enclosure with a gate at each end guarded by angels. Within is seen the Saviour of the world, holding in His hand the orb of sovereignty, and a company of blessed seated on thrones; outside the noble army of martyrs is seen approaching, conducted and received by angels. They are all arrayed in white and

¹ Mrs. Jameson.

carry crowns in their hands. Lower down, on each side, a host of martyrs press forward with palms and crowns to do homage to the Lamb, throned in the midst. None of the martyrs are distinguished by name except those to whom the church is dedicated, Sta. Prassede and her sister Pudenziana."

The bodies of these two saints rest in a small crypt a little in front of the high altar. Two ancient sarcophagi contain their ashes, and above the altar is a fresco of the twelfth century representing the Madonna standing between the holy sisters. At the end of the left aisle is the chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, once the Cardinal of this church; and here we see his episcopal throne, as well as the table at which, after the fashion of St. Gregory the Great, he was wont to feed and wait upon twelve beggars every day. The pictures on the walls painted by Louis Stern represent him in prayer, and in ecstasy before the Blessed Sacrament; and in the old cloisters an orange-tree planted by the Saint still lives and flourishes.

One of the side chapels is adorned by a picture of S. Pietro Aldobrandini passing untouched through the fiery furnace at Setterno, and in another is depicted the martyrdom of Cardinal Beccaria at Florence, where he was sent by Pope Alexander IV. on a mission of peace to the Guelfs and Ghibellines. The most interesting spot in the church, however, as well as the most beautiful, is the chapel in the right aisle described as the *Orto del Paradiso*—"Garden of Paradise," in which is preserved the column to which our Lord was bound and which was given by the Saracens to Giovanni Colonna, Cardinal of Sta. Prassede. "Females," remarks Hare, "are never allowed to enter this shrine except upon Sundays in Lent, but can see the relic through a grating." Men, however, who in Italy at any rate are possessed of many privileges, are admitted by the door, supported on each side by two exquisite columns of black and white marble which in their turn support a sculptured marble cornice above which are two lines of mosaic heads arranged in circlets. The interior of this lovely chapel contains four massive granite columns and a lofty groined vault which, as well as the upper portion of the walls, is covered with mosaic in glowing tints standing out from a background of gleaming gold. The *Orto del Paradiso* was originally dedicated to St. Zeno, afterwards to our Lady, with the invocation, *Libera nos a pœnis inferi*, and finally to the precious relic which is preserved in it to-day. It was here, so runs the legend, that

Paschal I., while saying Mass for his nephew, saw through the little window his spirit being conveyed to Heaven by angels, and a disc of porphyry in the pavement marks the grave of forty martyrs collected together by the same Pontiff. His mother is also buried in this chapel, and the inscription which commemorates that fact follows the ancient usage which permitted her to assume the title of "episcopa," *Ubi utique benignissimæ suæ genitricis, scilicet Dominæ Theodoræ Episcopæ, corpus quiescit.*

Santa Prassede can boast of several interesting tombs, amongst them being those of Cardinal Cetire, whose richly sculptured monument is opposite the side entrance of the "Garden of Paradise," and of Cardinal Ancherus, who was assassinated outside the Porta San Giovanni in 1286. The tomb of Mgr. Santoni is adorned with a bust of the prelate, said to have been the work of Bernini at the early age of ten. It was in this church that His Holiness Gelasius II.,¹ while celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, was attacked by armed men belonging to the houses of Leone and Frangipani, from whom he was rescued by his nephew Gaetano, after a conflict which lasted for several hours. And hence also in the year 1630 Moriandi, the Abbot of the adjoining monastery, was, as some historians affirm, carried off and condemned to tortures which resulted in his death. From the sacristy, where there is a beautiful painting of the "Flagellation," by Guilio Romano, one can enter the old campanile, built in 1110, and a "loggia," from which the principal relics of the church are exposed at Easter-time. These include portions of the Crown of Thorns, of the Sponge, and, so it is asserted, a miniature portrait of our Saviour, said to have belonged to St. Peter, and to have been left by him as a legacy to Santa Prassede. When we enter this venerable building, gorgeous with the colouring and splendour of a bygone day, we are enfolded as it were by the atmosphere of the remote past. Here, when the world was very much younger, lived Pudens and his wife Claudia, the parents of Prassede and Pudenziana, who were amongst the number of St. Paul's first converts, and with whom he lodged. Santa Prassede, we are told, sheltered several persecuted Christians, of whom twenty-three were martyred in her presence, and having buried the bodies in the catacombs of her grandmother, St. Priscilla, collected their blood in a sponge and placed it in

¹ *Pilgrim-Walks in Rome.*

a well in her house where her own body afterwards found burial. This well stands in the centre of the nave of the Church of Santa Prassede, and contains a modern and *most* un-ornamental statue of the Saint with her sponge. The traditional story was that on the site of St. Prassede's house was erected the oratory which was in existence in A.D. 499, mention being made of it in the acts of a Council held in that year by Pope St. Symmachus. In A.D. 822 the original church was destroyed, and the present one built by Paschal I., and it is that period which is responsible for the low tower, the porch, and the terra-cotta cornices and mosaics. Santa Prassede was one of the many churches which fell almost into ruins during the absence of the Popes at Avignon, and as we mentioned at the beginning of this sketch, it has since suffered from injudicious restoring, first of all in the fifteenth century by Rosellino, under Nicholas V., and later under St. Charles Borromeo in 1564. The monastery, which adjoins the church, and which was founded by Pope Paschal I., was formerly inhabited by Basilian monks, but in 1198 it passed into the hands of the Vallombrosan Order, and nothing now remains of a mosaic covered chapel of St. Agnes built by its founder.

So long as we linger within the precincts of Santa Prassede the past envelops us in its embrace, but as we emerge into the sunshine, the rush of the electric tram coming from St. John Lateran recalls us in a forcible and practical manner to the present moment. We are in modern Rome; progress has laid relentless hands on the "City of the Saints," and, yes, it is nearly five o'clock; we shall just have time to get to the English Tea Rooms for a cup of tea.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

A Disowned Queen and her Rivals.

THE history of the first two marriages of Henry VIII. is of such vital importance, affecting as they did the whole course of religion in England, from the earliest whisperings of the first divorce down to the present day, that it is not to be wondered at if the royal Bluebeard's subsequent matrimonial alliances have been considered negligeable quantities. And yet at least one of them was of extreme political and even religious importance, and was fraught with so much mystery that until the most recent investigations the true inwardness of the matter has been totally misapprehended. The story of Anne of Cleves' portrait and Henry's supposed disappointment when he saw the lady for the first time, is authentic in so far as it was exactly what the King chose to have circulated about his fourth marriage; but if it was half the truth, the other half was what really mattered.

After the fall of Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell had by his astute policy succeeded in bringing about a religious state of things that approached very nearly to Lutheranism. Taking advantage of Henry's pique and anger at the Pope's refusal to grant him a divorce from Queen Katharine, Cromwell set about widening the breach between England and Rome. After weakening the power of the Bishops and lower clergy, he forced the oath of supremacy upon the nation, and having thus satisfied his master's pride and vanity, his next step was by the dissolution of the monasteries to pander to Henry's greed, while at the same time he filled his own pockets. In pursuit of these ends he had covered the land with gibbets and caused the noblest heads in England to fall upon the block. He had branded the King's own daughter with the stigma of infamy, and to obtain her consent thereto had kept the axe suspended over her. He had been able to accomplish all this because thus far he had taken Henry's measure correctly, working upon his worst passions, and suggesting ever fresh means of satisfying

them. Then came a point at which his interests and those of the King diverged.

Cromwell was deeply pledged to the Lutheran cause, and his plan was to throw Henry into the arms of the Lutheran princes of Germany. He had already flooded the country with foreign heretics, using them as his tools to protestantize the Church in England. Queen Jane Seymour died in 1537, and Cromwell at once negotiated a treaty of marriage between Henry and Anne, daughter of the Duke of Cleves, Henry consenting for the reason that it behoved him to fortify himself by an alliance that would enable him to make a stand against a possible combination of forces between the Pope, the Emperor, and the French King. But at the very moment when Cromwell, believing himself to be at the point of realizing all his desires, was pledging his master to marry Anne of Cleves, a reaction had set in which he so completely disregarded as to seem in complete ignorance of it.

Nothing annoyed Henry more than to be twitted with being a heretic, and whenever Henry was annoyed a blow might be expected. The loathed epithet was now very frequently used in reference to him by the Emperor and others, and he was bent on showing Europe that he could be a very good Catholic without the Pope. It irritated him to think that Cromwell had laid him open to retort in this contention by a formal alliance with the Lutherans who were undeniably heretics. It served his purpose very well to play them off against the Emperor and even against Francis I., but it was not his will to be bound irrevocably by any contract. Cromwell thought to put the finishing touch to his triumphant scheme; he only effected his own doom. He boasted to the Lutherans that he would soon bring England over to the Lutheran forms of faith, and on this promise the match between Henry and Anne was concluded; but he failed to rouse the German princes to a contest with the Emperor, which was all that Henry had aimed at. Henceforth he turned his back upon them, and had no further need of Cromwell himself, who was rather in the way of his new plans, unless the Minister could find a way out of the imbroglio he had created with regard to Anne. Like a child with a new toy, Henry now played at being Pope in his own dominions, and as Head of the Church of England, whom it behoved to reprobate heresy in every shape and form, he conducted a trial against one John Nicholson, who refusing to recant his heretical

opinions was burned at Smithfield. After this he felt confident of being as Catholic as the real Pope, and proceeded to bring forward deliberations in Parliament on the subject of religion, with the result that the famous Act of the *Six Articles* was passed. This Act, nicknamed by the Lutherans "the whip with six cords," brought in a reaction in favour of the old religion, which lasted till Henry's death, but matters between England and Rome remained as they were.

Meanwhile, the Lady Anne of Cleves had made her unwelcome appearance. One of the most curious, and to our mind incomprehensible, facts concerning Henry VIII. is the admiring awe and grovelling gratitude with which he was adored by most of the women whom he had the privilege of ill-treating. After the year 1527, when he first conceived the desire of raising Anne Boleyn to the throne and of divorcing Katharine of Arragon, except for the short period in which he was married to Jane Seymour, there were always two rival claimants for his hand. Not only was Katharine ever generously ready to forget past insults if he would graciously extend his clemency towards her, and send Anne away, but every other woman with whom he came in contact addressed him in words more suited to a divinity than an earthly king. His daughter Mary, after having been spurned as the most degraded and abject creature of the realm, longed for nothing more ardently than "to attain the fruition of his most desired presence."

Although the appearance of Anne of Cleves did not bear out the exaggerated reports of the German agent Mont, who had told Henry that her beauty exceeded that of the Duchess of Milan as the sun outshines the silver moon, she was found on her arrival in England to be "tall, bright, and graceful," her liveliness making amends for any defect as to regularity of feature. Comparing her claim to beauty with that of the other wives of Henry VIII., it does not appear that she contrasted unfavourably with any except, perhaps, Katharine Howard, who was generally admitted to be very beautiful. The King himself observed to Cromwell that Anne was "well and seemly, and had a queenly manner," but that he found it difficult to converse with her, as she knew no word of any language but German. He had first met her privately at Rochester, and had dined with her, their public meeting taking place about half a mile from the foot of Shooter's Hill, where she rested in a gorgeous pavilion prepared for the occasion. Henry came

marching through Greenwich Park with a brilliant escort, and the bride and bridegroom met full merrily. The King dissembling his sentiments embraced the lady ceremoniously. The chronicler Hall, describing their entry into Greenwich some time afterwards, says: "O what a sight was this, to see so goodly a Prince and so noble a King to ride with so fair a lady, of so goodly a stature, and so womanly a countenance, and in especial of so good qualities. I think no creature could see them but his heart rejoiced."

Nevertheless, Henry's moody question, "What remedy?" was calculated to strike terror into Cromwell's soul, the Chancellor knowing full well that all this bravery was but an appearance. The King went on to say that if it were not that the lady had come so far, and for fear of making a ruffle in the world, and of driving her brother into the Emperor's arms and those of the French King, he would not go through with the marriage ceremony. As a forlorn hope of escape, the bride was asked to make a declaration that she was free from all pre-contracts, which she did without the slightest hesitation, and there was nothing to be done but for Henry "to put his head into the yoke." He could do it more complacently since he no longer regarded the marriage tie as a thing that could not be undone at a pinch. If Cromwell made difficulties, a sword was hanging over him that could be made to fall at any moment, and the death of the man who had been the terror of England for ten years would be hailed with enthusiasm by the whole nation. Henry's foreign policy was a non-committal one, and Cromwell's daring schemes had carried the King further than he intended. As the Chancellor could find no means of going back upon them, he lost his life, and Anne of Cleves her barely assumed dignity.

The disgusting letters concerning the King's marriage, which Cromwell wrote from the Tower in the hope of obtaining a pardon, were of immense use to Henry in confusing the public mind as to the real political reason for his repudiation of Anne, for he was anxious in breaking off from Protestant Germany not to turn the Duke of Cleves into an enemy. The want of decency and the unchivalrous sacrifice of Anne's honour and dignity are perhaps not surprising between such men as Henry and Cromwell, but it is startling to find the lady's brother swallowing the insult calmly. Nevertheless, Henry's diplomatic insight had correctly gauged the coarsening effect of Luther's

moral code on a mind that could see less offence in a stain of this kind than he would have seen in a frank rupture of the marriage-treaty before Anne had been allowed to land in England.

A few weeks after the marriage, Anne was sent to Richmond on the pretext of being out of reach of the plague, but there was no talk at that time of any plague, and if there had been, Henry would certainly have gone away also, for no one feared it more than he. On her departure, a commission was appointed under the Great Seal to inquire into the validity of her marriage, and in an incredibly short space of time it was declared null by reason of her pre-contract with the son of the Duke of Lorraine.

Henry then endowed his ex-wife with lands to the value of £4,000 annually, with a house at Richmond and another at Bletchingly.

Whatever she may have felt, she expressed herself willing to be divorced, and desired the Duke of Cleves' messenger "to commend her to her brother, and say she was merry and well entreated." He reported of her that she did this "with such alacrity and pleasant gesture that he might well testify that he found her not discontented. After she had dined she sent the King the ring delivered unto her at their pretended marriage, desiring that it might be broken in pieces, as a thing which she knew of no force or value." Henry sent her many gifts and tokens, "as his sister and none otherwise," and told her that she was to be the first lady in the realm next after the Queen and the King's children. He exhorted her to be "quiet and merry," and subscribed himself "your loving brother and friend." After Henry's fifth marriage she was designated "the old Queen, the King's sister."

The French Ambassador, in a letter of the 6th of August, 1540, wrote as follows :

The King being lately with a small party at Hampton Court, ten miles hence, supped at Richmond with the Queen that was, so merrily that some thought he meant to reinstate her, but others think it was done to get her consent to the dissolution of the marriage, and make her subscribe what she had said thereupon, which is not only what they wanted, but also what she thinks they expected. The latter opinion is the more likely, as the King drew her apart, in company with the three first councillors he had, who are not commonly called in to such confidence.

Marillac goes on to say that he thinks it would be great inconsistency to take her back now, and that moreover she did not sup with him as she did when she was Queen, but at another table adjoining his, as other ladies who are not of the blood do, when he eats in company.

On the 15th he wrote to the Duc de Montmorency :

As for her who is called Madame de Cleves, far from pretending to be distressed, she is as joyous as ever, and wears new dresses every day, which argues either prudent dissimulation or stupid forgetfulness of what should so closely touch her heart. Be it as it may, it has thrown the poor Ambassador of Cleves into a fever, who sends every day to ask if I have no news of his master.

Anne's gaiety was obviously forced, and no doubt the lady did "protest too much," but she had been ordered to be "quiet and merry," and if after such a mandate she had ventured to put on a sorrowful countenance, or to express a vain regret, her quondam husband would probably have been—such was his disposition—less flattered by the compliment than irritated by the command disobeyed. And so she prudently accepted her fate, and "sate like patience on a monument, smiling at grief," as it afterwards transpired, and in her efforts to please, imposed upon herself what must have been the most trying ordeals.

Her marriage had taken place on the feast of the Epiphany, 1540, and in July of the same year, Henry was united to Katharine Howard, grand-daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. This young woman's reputation was already so notoriously bad, that it is impossible to believe that the King could be in ignorance of the fact. Nevertheless, for the time being he was deeply in love, and his scruples and righteous anger were wont to come—afterwards. Marillac describes the new Queen "as rather graceful than beautiful, and of short stature." He says: "The King is so amorous of her that he cannot treat her well enough, and caresses her more than he did the others. She and all the Court ladies dress in the French style, and her device is, *Non autre volonté que la sienne*. Madame de Cleves is as cheerful as ever, as her brother's Ambassador says."

But others besides Anne of Cleves had reason to mourn, and Melancthon complained that atrocious crimes were reported from England, that the divorce with the lady of Juliers was already made, and another married, and that "good men of our opinion in religion are murdered."

On the 27th of September, the Papal Nuncio wrote grimly to Cardinal Farnese, that "*so far*" the King of England was pleased with his new wife, and that the other, "sister of Cleeves, has retired, and *lives*." Rumours were, however, persistently current that Henry intended to take back Anne, until in November Marillac informed his master that the new Queen had "completely acquired the King's grace," and that the other was "no more thought of than if she were dead."

But Marillac had soon reason to see that in making this statement he had somewhat exaggerated. The Princess Mary seems to have been well informed of the loose character and behaviour of Katharine Howard, and contrived to find pretexts for a long time for absenting herself from Court, so that the Queen complained to Henry that his daughter did not treat her with the respect she had shown to the two former Queens.

But Anne of Cleves had no scruples about associating with Katharine, and was perhaps keen to note every detail about her brilliant rival, who had been more successful than herself in capturing the King's fancy. She was probably as much in the dark as most people, as to the politico-religious *impedimenta* she constituted.

The French Ambassador gives an amusing description of her New Year's visit to the Court.

Sire, to omit nothing that may be written about this country, Madame Anne, sister of the Duke of Cleves, formerly Queen of England, passed the recent festivities at Richmond, four miles from Hampton Court, to which place the King and also the Queen sent her, on the first day of the year, rich presents of clothes, plate, and jewels, valued at six or seven thousand crowns. And on the second day she was summoned to appear at Hampton Court, where she was very honourably conducted by several of the nobility, and being arrived, the King received her very graciously, as did also the Queen, with whom she remained nearly the whole afternoon. They danced together, and seemed so happy that neither did the new Queen appear to be jealous or afraid that the other had come to raise the siege, as it was rumoured, nor did the said lady of Cleves show any sign of discontent at seeing her rival in her place. Moreover, Sire, if it please you to hear the end of this farce, that evening and the next, the two ladies supped at the King's table together, although the lady of Cleves sat a little backward, in a corner, where the Princess of England, Madame Mary, is wont to be; and the following day, the said lady of Cleves returned with the same escort to Richmond, where she is

visited by all the personages of the Court, which makes people think that she is about to be reinstated in her former position.¹

Eustace Chapuys, the Imperial Ambassador, also wrote an account of this strange visit. He says :

On the 3rd [January, 1541], the Lady Anne of Cleves sent the King a New Year's present of two large horses, with violet velvet trappings, and presented herself at Hampton Court, with her suite, accompanied only by Lord William, the Duke of Norfolk's brother, who happened to meet her on the road to this city. She was received by the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countess of Hertford, and other ladies, who conducted her to her lodgings and then to the Queen's apartments. She insisted on addressing the Queen on her knees, for all the Queen could say, who showed her the utmost kindness. The King then entered, and after a low bow to Lady Anne, embraced and kissed her. She occupied a seat near the bottom of the table at supper, but after the King had retired, the Queen and Lady Anne danced together, and next day all three dined together. At this time the King sent his Queen a present of a ring and two small dogs, which she passed over to Lady Anne. That day Lady Anne returned to Richmond.²

The public rumour of the likelihood of Anne's restoration arose probably as much from the common talk of the Queen's immoral conduct, as from the circumstance of the late Queen's appearance at Court. The reports at last reached Katharine's ears, and it was possibly her accusing conscience that betrayed itself in her visible depression of spirits.

Some days ago [wrote Chapuys to the Queen of Hungary, on May 6th, 1541], this Queen being rather sad, the King wished to know the cause, and she said it was owing to a rumour that he was going to take back Anne of Cleves. The King told her that she was wrong to think such things, and even if he were in a position to marry, he had no mind to take back Anne; which is very probable, as his love never returns for a woman he has once abandoned. Yet many thought he would be reconciled to her for fear of the King of France making war on him at the solicitation of the Duke of Cleves and the King of Scotland.

This was the first intimation of the storm that was soon to burst. When it suited Henry to give ear to the scandals afloat about the Queen, his grief and indignation, or what passed for such, knew no bounds.

The palace at Hampton Court where Katharine was

¹ Monsieur de Marillac, *Correspondance Politique*, p. 258.

² Chapuys to the Emperor, Gairdner, *Cal.* 16, 436.

imprisoned, was so strictly guarded that none but certain officers could enter or leave it. The Princess Mary, who had spent the last few months with her step-mother, presenting a strange contrast to her light companions, was now sent to join Prince Edward, and her father announced that he was heart-broken at the Queen's immorality and perfidy. Anne was thought by Chapuys to rejoice greatly at Katharine's fall, but her execution caused little comment throughout the country. Either the people were indifferent, or they had become accustomed to the disgrace of Queen Consorts.

The way taken is the same as with Queen Anne, who was beheaded [wrote Marillac to Francis, on the 11th of November]. She has taken no kind of pastime, but kept in her chamber, whereas, before, she did nothing but dance and rejoice; and now when the musicians come, they are told that this is no more the time to dance. . . . As to whom the King will take, everyone thinks it will be the lady he has left, who has conducted herself wisely in her affliction, and is more beautiful than she was, and more regretted and commiserated than Queen Katharine was in like case. Besides, the King shows no inclination to any other lady, and will have some remorse of conscience, and no man in England dare suggest one of such quality as the lady in question, for fear, if she were repudiated, of falling *en quelque gros inconvénient*.

The Imperial Ambassador had, it will be seen, estimated Henry's character more correctly than Marillac, for as to "remorse of conscience," we do not find throughout the whole length of his life that the royal miscreant ever made an attempt to expiate any one of his crimes, or to make amends to a single individual for wrong done.

According to Marillac, the King was so grieved that he proposed never to take another wife; but when it was suggested that in spite of her outrageous behaviour Katharine might possibly escape death, on account of her beauty and sweetness of disposition, the Duke of Norfolk said that she must of necessity die, because the King could not marry again while she lived.

Francis I. does not seem to have taken his envoy's account of Henry's grief very seriously (he had known the King of England for a longer period than Marillac had), and replied with some apparent cheerfulness, that he was sorry for his cousin's misfortune, and would soon send a gentleman to condole with him.

Chapuys, as usual, with greater discernment had hit the more probable mean :

This King has wonderfully felt the case of the Queen his wife, and has certainly shown greater sorrow at her loss than at the fault, loss, or divorce of his preceding wives. It is like the case of the woman who cried more bitterly at the loss of her tenth husband than at the deaths of all the others together, though they had all been good men ; but it was because she had never buried one of them before without being sure of the next, and as yet it does not seem that he has formed any new plan.

Katharine was beheaded on the 13th of October, 1542, on the same spot on the Tower Green where Anne Boleyn had been executed before her. Her end, and that of Lady Rochester, who had encouraged her in her evil life, was penitent and even edifying. After the execution it was remarked that the King was in better spirits, and during the last few days before Lent there was much feasting at Court. Chapuys describes the state of affairs thus :

Sunday was given up to the lords of his Council and Court ; Monday to the men of law, and Tuesday to the ladies who all slept at the Court. He himself in the morning did nothing but go from room to room to order lodgings to be prepared for these ladies, and he made them great and hearty cheer, without showing particular affection to any one. Indeed, unless Parliament prays him to take another wife, he will not I think be in a hurry to marry ; besides, few if any ladies now at Court would aspire to such an honour, for a law has just been passed, that should any King henceforth wish to marry a subject, the lady will be bound on pain of death to declare if any charges of misconduct can be brought against her, and all who know or suspect anything of the kind against her are bound to reveal it within twenty days, on pain of confiscation of goods and imprisonment for life.¹

Perhaps it was this general indictment of the women of Henry's Court, most certainly the echo of public opinion, that had caused the people to persist in the belief that Anne of Cleves would have Katharine's strangely coveted place. Where the reputation of a whole class was so bad as to make the above kind of declaration impossible, virtue, such as that attributed to the Lady Anne was at a premium, and as it was useless to think of a suitable foreign alliance, justice and necessity had alike seemed to point to the re-instatement of the discarded

¹ Chapuys to Charles V., 25th February, 1542. Gairdner, *Cal.* 17, 124.

Queen. But Henry was extremely annoyed at these repeated suggestions, which, forsooth, had almost appeared *to dictate to him*, and he determined to put a stop to the free wagging of tongues on the subject of his matrimonial affairs.

After the fall of Katharine Howard, and before her execution, a State Paper records that Jane Rattsay was "examined of her words to Elizabeth Bassett, viz., 'What if God worketh this work to make the Lady Anne of Cleves queen again?'" She answered that "it was an idle saying suggested by Bassett's praising the Lady Anne, and dispraising the Queen that now is." She declared that she "never spoke at any other time of the Lady Anne, and she thought the King's divorce from her good." Examined as to her exclamation, "What a man is the King! How many wives will he have?" she answered that she said it "upon the sudden tidings declared to her by Bassett, when she was sorry for the change, and knew not so much as she knows now."

But for all Anne's prudence and the bold front she presented to her misfortunes, she had been secretly hoping that when the inevitable crash came, she would be restored to the rights which she had only renounced because she had no alternative. Henry, however, made no sign, and in 1543, Katharine Parr appeared on the scene.

The first mention of the King's sixth wife in the public records, is a tailor's bill for numerous items "of cotton, linen, buckram, &c., and the making of Italian gowns, pleats and sleeves, kirtles, French, Dutch, and Venetian gowns, Venetian sleeves, French hoods," &c., of various materials, the total amount of the bill being £8 9s. 5d. This bill was delivered "to my Lady Latymer," and was copied into the book of Skutt the tailor.

Katharine Parr had been first married as a mere child to the old Lord Borough of Gainsborough, and had been left a widow before she was seventeen. She then married Lord Latimer, who died in 1543, and was immediately sought in marriage by Sir Thomas Seymour, brother of the King's third wife, who became Lord High Admiral in Edward VI.'s reign. Katharine undoubtedly intended to become his wife, but as she afterwards wrote, her "will was over-ruled by a higher power."

On the 20th of June of the same year, Lady Latimer and her sister, Mrs. Herbert, were at Court "with my Lady Mary's grace and my Lady Elizabeth," and the next mention of her is

in a licence, of Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, "authorized thereto by Parliament to Henry VIII. (who has deigned to marry the Lady Katharine, late wife of Lord Latimer deceased) to have the marriage solemnized in any church, chapel or oratory without the issue of banns." It took place on the 12th of July following, in an upper oratory called the Queen's Privy Closet, within the honour of Hampton Court, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, officiating.

Anne of Cleves [wrote Chapuys to Charles V.] would like to be in her sherte (shroud) so to speak, with her mother, having especially taken great grief and despair at the King's espousal of this last wife, who is not nearly so beautiful as she, besides that there is no hope of issue, seeing that she had none with her two former husbands.

Others besides the poor discarded Lady Anne were also in tribulation, and a letter from one of the Lutherans in England to Henry Bullinger, the Reformer, reports that,

the King has within these two months burnt three godly men in one day. For in July he married the widow of a nobleman named Latimer, and he is always wont to celebrate his nuptials by some wickedness of this kind.¹

But Katharine herself was glad exceedingly, and told Lord Parr that "it having pleased God to incline the King to take her as his wife, which is the greatest joy and comfort that could happen to her, she informs her brother of it as the person who has most cause to rejoice thereat, and requires him to let her sometimes hear of his health, as friendly as if she had not been called to this honour."

Wriothesley, in forwarding this letter from the Queen, Lord Parr's gracious lady and kind sister, doubts not but that he will thank God and frame himself to be more and more an ornament to her Majesty.

The marriage was in every way satisfactory. Katharine was twenty-six, about one year younger than the Lady Mary, and was by universal fame reported "a prudent, beautiful, and virtuous lady." The royal family had reason to be grateful for her influence over the King, whom she persuaded to restore both Mary and Elizabeth to their rank. To Edward she was a second mother, and Henry seems to have looked upon her with something akin to respect, appointing her Regent when he crossed the Channel to invade France in 1544.

¹ Original Letters. Parker Society, 240.

She offended him, however, on one occasion by venturing to express a difference of opinion on a religious question, and it was said that articles of heresy were drawn up against her. "A good hearing it is," exclaimed Henry, "when women become such clerks; and a thing much to my comfort to come in mine old days to be taught by my wife!" Her prudence and tact saved her life, if it was ever seriously in danger.

Henry's sordid tragedy was played out on the 28th of January, 1547, when the tyrant breathed his last, and left his two wives and two daughters to unravel the skein which he had so persistently entangled for them. Katharine Parr took her fate immediately into her own hands, and thirty-five days after Henry's death secretly married her former admirer, Sir Thomas, now Lord, Seymour, who was described by Hayward as "fierce in courage, courtly in fashion, in personage stately, in voice magnificent, but somewhat empty in matter." The union was not a happy one, owing mainly to Seymour's intrigues with the Princess Elizabeth, a circumstance that was thought to have shortened Katharine's life. The *ci-devant* Queen died at Sudeley Castle, after having given birth to a daughter, in August, 1543, aged thirty-six.

After the one tragic episode in her life, the course of Anne of Cleves ran smoothly enough. Mary befriended her always and made her quondam step-mother a prominent figure at her coronation. She frequently paid her visits and treated her with all the respect imaginable. Anne never left England after her ill-starred arrival, ending her days peacefully in 1557.

J. M. STONE.

Snapshots of English Social Life.

"I THINK," says Portia, in the *Merchant of Venice*, of her English lover, "he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere." Now what Portia said of the ill-suited Faulconbridge may, speaking in another and wider sense, be applied to all that has contributed to form the national taste in manners and dress, in art and literature, in science and industry and in intellectual progress. England in all these things has originated very little but has assimilated much. This was noticeably the case towards the end of the Tudor period, when it became a sort of centre of European civilization, but a centre which attracted the various influences that elsewhere directed the lines of social progress, rather than a centre from which these influences radiated.

The fact that these influences or forces come from "everywhere," makes the task of the student when he endeavours to trace them no light one, and the difficulty is increased when we consider that they come in various guises, for the social life of a nation comprises many factors—there is religion, the stage of perfection reached in art or science or literature, industries with their far-reaching effects, the degree of civil and political liberty attained, and various others. Each of these with endless numbers of permutations adds its quota to the formation of the national life. To enumerate all the forces initially at work, to estimate their magnitude, nay, even to contemplate in entirety their multifarious components, is an almost impossible task; the mind, too, refuses to form a definite mental picture of the past merging into the present *as a whole*, and so it is that studies are generally made piecemeal, bit by bit, and then fitted together. There is one way, however, in which we may gain a good working knowledge of social growth, and that is by fixing the attention on pictures—snapshots if you like—of the people's every-day life and noting as they pass before our mental gaze any continuous *general* change. There is no better clue to a

thorough understanding of national character than the ordinary life viewed from the standpoint of some central idea, and the present article is an endeavour to give a series of such pictures, typical and cursory rather than individual and exhaustive, looked upon as exemplifications of the gradual change in temperament that has come to us since the days of *Merrie England*. In the bright long ago men dressed in gay colours and loved frolic, had plenty of leisure and passed most of it in the open. This gradually gave way to the dark and sombre in dress, the staid and silent in manner as befits the absorbed and unsocial life of the mere money-spinner. The so-called reformation of religion, the abolition of the innocent gaiety inherent in Catholic social life, the decay of the guilds, the degradation of the poor of Christ to paupers, and above all and before all, the curse of prosperity has brought about a change in the very fibre of our national life. We are now too industrious to be idealists and too respectable to be gay. Where formerly men raised minsters they now build factory or steamship, and the hard temper of materialism is most attuned to our mood.

But when was this modern England born? Practically with the coming of the fifteenth century, and it is from this point that we shall watch its growth. When the century opened, the gloom and misery that had called forth the *Bitter Complaint* of Piers the Ploughman had not indeed passed away, but the dead weight of woe that had oppressed the people had lifted, and considerable amelioration had taken place in their condition. We have high authority for the statement that one hundred years after the terrible visitation called the Black Death the wages of a labourer commanded twice the amount of the necessities of life that they obtained in the reign of the third Edward. But, so conflicting are the records of contemporary writers as to the state of the masses, that extreme caution is needed in adopting any particular view; thus Sir John Fortescue, writing in the first half of the century, says "the people be wealthy and have all things to their sustenance;" and Polydore Vergil declares that "in England disease reigns seldom, and there is less use of physic than in other countries." Yet against these witnesses we have the opinion of Blessed Thomas More who, in the following century, pronounces "the labouring beast to be better off than the labouring man," and it is certainly hard to see any reason why affairs should so suddenly have changed

for the worse. From the *Complaint of the Commons of Kent*, which throws some light on the matter, it appears that the sour discontent of the Ploughman has really disappeared, and in its place we find the perfectly legitimate ambitions of a rising class. No longer is mention made of social oppression, on the contrary political and civil rights are boldly demanded. That there was an accompanying increase in material prosperity is evident from the many enactments having for their object the restriction of luxury in the matter of dress which now begin to burden the Statute-Book.

Side by side with this advance we note the cause of it—the population was no longer scattered over the land in detached villages of toilers dependent on the neighbouring lord for protection and support, but communities of industrial workers had united in the towns, and these already gave signs of the splendid vital strength within them. Everywhere we see the young plant of civic freedom take root strongly and flourish as it grows. This advance in civic rights was not merely in large boroughs like Bristol, Southampton, or Lynn; but in places of insignificant proportions like Colchester, and doubtless many of the statutes before referred to had their inspiration in the protection which the sturdy burghers soon claimed for their growing trades: “No wares made by English workmen might be imported from abroad, and none of the raw material used by them might be carried out unwrought, or even half-finished, to be worked abroad. The whole people, save only a few of the Great Estates, were to go simply clad in honest goods of English make and so save themselves from waste and English workers from poverty.”

In such primitive and self-dependent communities, there was, as might be expected, much serious work and a full share of responsibility attaching to the privilege of citizenship; the towns had necessarily to defend themselves, not alone from foes, either French or Scottish, but oftentimes from the powerful nobles who held land in the near neighbourhood of the borough. The townsfolk of the ports had to provide ships to guard the harbour, or stones to mend the walls, in some cases going out in a body to quarry and transport these latter. Or again, a general order was issued that all should assist in gathering materials for bonfires, and watchmen took enforced turns to keep a look-out and light the beacons should an enemy appear. Taxes were levied for the repairing of the gates and towers,

which nearly always formed part of the walls; thus Canterbury had twenty-one towers and six gates, and Rye levied a special tax on strangers for such repairs. But troubles did not always come from foreign foes; the Paston Letters reveal in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk a complete state of anarchy—"organized and open murder, and gangs of ruffians holding the roads, one thousand men assaulting and demolishing a manor-house," and the very scholars of Oxford and Cambridge scrupled not to put on the habiliments of war and exercise a reign of terror and of blackmail on the surrounding counties. In the Plumpton Correspondence there is mention of a fight at Ripon Fair when the Archbishop of York determined to assert his rights, and the better to do so gathered two hundred men-at-arms at sixpence or a shilling per day; while Sir John Plumpton on his side collected no less than seven hundred men. In the west there was the local feud of Lord Bonville and the Earl of Devon, when Exeter suffered much alarm by reason of a great fight on Clisheath, "the occasion whereof was about a dog." But in spite of these and other such-like serious hardships, the townspeople seem to have managed a pretty constant round of gaieties. There were always the "Waits" who went every morning about the town piping, when

Many a carol old and saintly
Sang the minstrels and the waits,

and let us hope the music thus regularly doled out, in return for a small money payment exacted of all, was less excruciating than we moderns have so often to endure at the hands of an Italian street-organ player, or a German itinerant band. Further, each town had its special play, of which representations were annually given in the Common Hall. Thus Lydd (in Kent) had the acting rights of *The May* and *The Interludes of our Lord's Passion*; Canterbury naturally enacted *The Martyrdom of St. Thomas*, and in the municipal accounts of the ancient borough are preserved the costs of the production: charges are entered for a mitre, an alb, an "amys," two bags of leather containing blood (they were so contrived as to spout when the murder took place), the hire of a sword, and the making of an angel who flapped his wings and turned on a hidden pivot; this last addition to the properties cost exactly 22d.!

But, alas! before long we find these and other simple amusements dying out. The spirit was already abroad which

was to transform us into a nation of shopkeepers, and a growing seriousness, the result partly of increasing business, partly of the change of religion, characterizes the town folk. The outdoor gaieties, too, natural enough to men whose forbears had been tillers of the soil, became forced and irksome to the busy trader or clever craftsman; and so it came to pass that the green slopes and sylvan glades once made joyous by the May Games or the Foresters' Sports know them no longer, but remain forsaken till the day when their quiet is rudely broken by the discordant shriek of the "Iron Horse," or their solitude is desecrated by trade in the person of the Landscape Advertiser. Only here and there did the mayors make an enforced annual gathering; but the mirth and merriment that attended former meetings had no place in these tinsel pageants, where painted damsels too often took the place of the rosy-cheeked, light-hearted lasses of old. Maying seems to have lingered long in the people's affections, and it is recorded that in 1515 Henry VIII. and his Queen Catherine rode a-maying from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, where they were received by two hundred yeomen dressed to resemble the *Merrie Men* of bold Robin Hood whom one of their number personated.

But turning for a time from the lower middle classes, we find in the Paston Letters one of the best pictures of the life of a fairly well-to-do country gentleman and his household. Luxury had increased as the century waxed older, but in the relations of the lady of the house to her dependents there was still a great simplicity and a charming homeliness. The wife, we must remark, had descended from her pedestal of "Ladye," to rise to the higher level of helpmeet and companion to her husband, and there was a recognized equality between them which speaks alike to woman's ability and man's good sense. When the master of the house was present she occupied herself with the duties pertaining to her establishment, but in his absence she could attend to his business, see to the mending of gates or the selling of produce. Nor is she disdainful of small economies, for in one of her letters, Dame Paston, after retailing to her husband certain scraps of news about the estate, gives him the following commission: "I pray yew that ye wyl vouche save to dow bye for me j li (one pound) of almands and j li of sugyr, and that ye wille do byen sume frese to maken of your child is gwnys; ye xalle have best chepe and best choyse of Hayis wyf, as it is told me." And further on in the same letter we mark how careful she

is of his pocket: "And that ye wyld bye a yerd of brode cloath of blac for an hode for me, for there is nether gode cloth ner gode fryse in this .twn. As for the child is gwnys, and I have them, I will do hem maken."

Besides her work in looking after the household and training her maidens, spinning flax and carding wool, she led the amusements. These were as far as possible out-of-door. Riding-parties, walking-parties, and picnics were the ordinary gaieties; but ladies also rode to hunts, rabbit ferreting, and hawking. They danced, played at chess and draughts, and read romances, but of all sources of amusement perhaps the greatest were the aviary and the garden, the last especially was a great feature in country houses.

In a poem of the time, "How the Good Wijf taughte Hir Doughter," and the companion rhyme, "How the Wise Man taughte His Son," we have a fairly complete account of all that was expected of young people in good society. Part of the advice given to the lady is still applicable and may well find a place here. She was to love God, and go to church, not letting the rain stop her; she was to give alms freely, and when at church she was to pray and not to chatter. When married she was to love her husband and answer him meekly, and to be well-mannered and careful as to her gait:

And whan thou goist in the way, go thou not to faste
Braundische not with thine heed, thy schuldris thou ne casté (wriggle)

She was to "laughe softe and myelde," and finally if her children proved rebellious and difficult she is advised neither to curse (!) nor to scold,

But take a smert rodde and bete hem on a rowe
Till thei crie mercy.

We have seen that ladies rode on horseback, and this indeed was the ordinary and nearly the only means of locomotion, other than by walking, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, though a "chare," a wheeled vehicle for ladies, was certainly known at least two hundred years before, as it is mentioned in a rhyme ("The Squyer of Low Degree") which was published in the fifteenth century. This was not the sedan-chair, which was only brought to England in 1634, when it was introduced by Sir S. Duncomb, a celebrated physician. He had a patent running for fourteen years and enjoyed the sole monopoly of hiring out sedan-chairs in England. They

accommodated one person, and were not unlike the body of a brougham supported by poles passing through staples, one on each side. They were in use in England about two hundred years and in some northern towns were known as late as 1840, while in Southwell, Notts, it has been asserted that ladies went to balls in them as late as 1849-50. Private chairs were often made very elegant by fine upholstery, and lovers of ease must have found them very comfortable as a means of locomotion, provided, that is, they were sure of sober bearers, which was not always the case.

The roads of the time were far from safe. The same Margaret Paston whose correspondence we have elsewhere quoted, tells us in another letter that "Aunt Moundford dare not adventure her money to be brought up to London for feere of robberyng, for it is seide heere," adds the worthy dame who writes from Norfolk, "that there goothe many thefys be twyx this and London." Under such circumstances it is easy to understand that solitary travellers were rare and journeys the source of much trouble by way of preparation. For entertainment on the road there was at first the guest-house of the monastery, but also the roadside inn with its long ale-pole or broom of furze as a sign. Hence the saying, "Good wine needs no bush." These same poles by the way were found very inconvenient in towns, and there are many instances on record of fines for exceeding the length of seven feet which it was needful to prescribe.

An early insurrection in Egypt furnishes us with historical precedent of women as controllers of the drink traffic, but in that case the occupation was inflicted as a punishment and special mark of opprobrium. Perhaps this was the light in which it was regarded by Englishmen, and if so it offers a marked contrast to the spirit of these latter days which makes the brewer a peer provided only he be rich enough. At any rate it was commonly left to women, and Skelton tells us of an ale-wife near Leatherhead, one Elynour Rummyng, who though far from prepossessing in appearance had a large *clientèle*, for

She breweth noppie ale
And marketh thereof pot-sale
To travellers and to tinkers
To sweters and swynkers
And all good ale-drinkers.

The fare provided at these houses of refreshment was always

plain and often badly cooked ; but in the houses of the great the luxury of the table even in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries might well vie with a civic banquet of our own days. There is, however, a striking preponderance of dishes of fish, mostly fresh-water fish, owing to the small supply of ice and the difficulty of carriage. Foremost among the more elaborate culinary attempts we notice the *sotyltie*. Here is a description of one for a third course. A sotyltie of our Lady sitting with her Child in her lap and she holding a crown in her hands: "Seynt George and Seynt Denys knelynge on either syde presentyd to her King Henrye's figure berynge in hande this balade as followeth :

O blessyd Lady, Christes moder dere
And thou, Seynt George, that called art her knyght,
Holy Seynt Denys, O marter most entire
The sixt Henry here present in your syght
Shedyth of your graces on hym, your heavenly lyght."

But the givers of these splendid banquets, though we read that when they passed through any parish the bells were rung to give notice of their advent that all might come out and view the passing show of fine clothes, suffered sorely from a want which was especially rife in those days, though not confined to them : viz., a lack of ready money. Money was scarce everywhere, but nowhere so little known as in the houses of the landed gentry. In 1449, Lady Berkeley wrote to her husband to send her money to Westminster, adding, if he could not do so, "I must lay my horse to pledge and come home on my feet." And Sir John Paston, who had large estates in Norfolk, was several times obliged to pawn his fine clothes for a few marks, and on one occasion, hoping to raise a little money on his father's funeral pall, he found his mother had been beforehand with him. But if they lacked fortunes in their purses they wore them on their backs, and the extravagance of dress in the fifteenth and two following centuries can scarcely be over-estimated.

Elementary education was apparently widespread ; the children of the middle classes were gathered into schools, and even compulsory attendance was not altogether unknown. But there were signs here and there that the schools were passing from clerical to secular hands, and in Bridgenorth, early in the sixteenth century, an order was made that "there shall no priest keep no school, save only one child to help him

to say Mass, after that a schoolmaster cometh to town, but every child shall resort to the common school." What these schools were like we learn from Erasmus and Ascham, particularly the former, who describes the masters as "a race of men the most miserable, who grow old in penury and filth in their schools—schools did I say? *prisons ! dungeons !* . . . but perfectly self-satisfied, so long as they can bawl and shout to their terrified boys, and box and beat and flog them."

Henry VII. in restoring order in England had done much towards the commercial prosperity which followed closely on its advent. English foreign trade was at this time mainly confined to the efforts of the Merchants Adventurers in the Baltic and the efforts of Bristol in the Northern seas, for though the coast line of America was known, England was still too poor to push any discoveries to possession. But the internal trade of the country was in a flourishing condition, and in its annals there is hardly anything of greater interest than the fair. Everywhere an event of local importance, it was sometimes opened by a signal which consisted in hoisting a glove or a gloved hand. This curious custom has sometimes been explained by the supposition that gloves were the principal articles sold at the fairs; but this cannot be said to have any weight except in places where gloves formed the staple industry. Another and far more reasonable explanation is that in early times the King's permission was necessary to hold a fair, and that the glove was sent as a sort of sign-manual. In York, at Lammas-tide, the sheriffs gave up their authority to the Archbishop or his delegate during the progress of the fair, and they had therefore no power to arrest persons who had offended against the law during the festive time, for such it soon became. Consequently, it was a period of grace when the clerics invited all the outcasts and outlaws within the city gates, with a view, no doubt, to affording them a chance of the consolations of the sacraments. The custom of whipping dogs, which was continued at York and Hull till very recent times, is traditionally connected with this gathering of all wayfarers. The story runs, that while all were at some function in the churches, dogs ran away with the joints which the good monks were having prepared for the strangers, and on the cook giving the alarm, the hospitable townsfolk not only chased and whipped the actual canine offenders, but expended their wrath on all their fellows.

Coming down now to the early Stuart period, we find that

out-of-door games had grown fashionable—tennis, cricket, and football were all played, skating was practised in and about London, and, looking at the ordinary amusements of society in the town, we begin as it were to recognize ourselves. But the game, *par excellence*, was bowling, and the green set aside for this pastime was always thoughtfully planned and diligently cared for. A well-made green was sunk some feet, so that a terraced walk might be planted round it to secure privacy. But it must be owned that the planting was more an affair of precision than beauty. This remark applies to all the gardening of the period. Landscape gardening was as yet almost unknown in England, and the shears were in evidence everywhere, despite the ridicule heaped on this otherwise inoffensive instrument. The *Guardian* (No. 173) contains a pretended catalogue of nursery effects, enumerating among other enormities: "Adam and Eve in yew; St. George in box, and a Green Dragon with a tail of ground ivy, these last two not to be sold separately," which is not only funny but instructive, from the side-light it throws on the taste of the times.

The period of the Restoration, characterized as it was by unbridled license, left behind it a legacy of evil and of corruption that was at first confined to London and the Court; but the hard material temper which in the days of Walpole settled over England like a brooding spirit, cast the shadow of its darkness over the length and breadth of the land. It has been said that common sense was the peculiar mark of this age, certainly men had lost both the power and the inclination to make to themselves high ideals, and Pope, the leading poet, is conspicuous for his lack of imagination. Ideality he had none, but confined himself to depicting, with a remarkable felicity of expression, the society of his day. How unfit it was to be the poet's theme, how debased by coarse vices and degraded tastes we all know. Religion, though it was smouldering in the hearts of the people to be by-and-by kindled to bright flame by the pure-hearted Wesley, was hidden away and Christianity was, for the time being, out of fashion. England had grown rich with almost magical rapidity and gave herself up to the lust of life, feasting and making merry and utterly heedless of Lazarus at her gate! The masses of the poor lay sunken in a state of ignorance and brutality which almost passes conception: they were "of the earth earthy," and if the Reformation, as we so often hear, were intended to reach and

raise the people it had lamentably failed to do so. Towns had grown and the total population from 5,000,000 in 1700 increased to 6,000,000 in the next fifty years, but with improved industries, a growing trade and a superabundance of riches, not a school had been added to those already in existence, and but few churches had been built. In the country the rural peasantry were fast sinking into hopeless pauperism, and the poor laws suffered from terrible abuses. Even the Badge of Poverty, instituted in the reign of William III., proved of no avail to keep the idle and worthless off the parish, while on the other hand the deserving poor shrunk from the shameful thing and suffered accordingly.

Here we have reached a point at which we naturally pause, for to carry our survey farther, would be to deal with a state of things which we all know by experience. Looking back once more—how far are we removed from our easy-going forefathers? This is, of course, partly the outcome of increased responsibility bringing with it an increase in seriousness as is proper to more mature years. But a large proportion of the cares which sadden us and sadden our poor, are they not the natural fruit of the cult of mammon amongst us? Which of us will willingly wear the Badge of Poverty? And why do we with all our reputed wealth and vast scientific knowledge suffer our poor to dwell in places where, as Tennyson has said: "Progress halts on palsied feet"? Why but that as a nation we are too much occupied with our devotions in the temple of mammon, worshippers at the shrine of material prosperity.

MARY FENNELL.

A Queen and her Friends.

PART II.

FROM the day when Henrietta Maria of France, widow of Charles I., materially contributed to the foundation of the Visitation Convent of Chaillot, a close friendship existed between the royal Stuarts and the grateful nuns.

James II., on his arrival in France in 1688, presented his consort to the community, and Mary Beatrice of Modena, whose early life had been spent in a convent, soon found herself more at home among the kind-hearted Sisters than in the formal atmosphere of Versailles.

After the King's death in 1701, his widow's relations with the community grew from year to year more intimate and her visits to the convent more frequent, sometimes to the dismay of her ladies, who were inclined, in the long run, to weary of their royal mistress's prolonged stay in her favourite retreat. The first letters of the widowed Queen after her return to St. Germain are full of sadness.¹

Instead of diminishing, my affliction increases, and I feel more and more the absence and departure of one who was dearer to me than life itself, and who alone made my life endurable and happy. I miss him more and more every day in a thousand circumstances, and whereas at first I felt in the depths of my heart a kind of calmness, it seems to me now that, although I show it less, I feel more sadness than before.

In another letter, she says :

I am extremely oppressed, and can find comfort neither in Heaven nor on earth ; I always hope that my dear and holy King will obtain for me the assistance of God.

Her letters at this period contain many allusions to business matters, that combined with her abiding sorrow to distress and disquiet her. These matters related to the negotiations started

¹ It may be well to state, once for all, that the letters quoted in these pages, as well as the diary of a Sister of Chaillot, are taken from the originals in the French Archives K, 1,302.

by a certain number of Scottish lords, who promised to proclaim James III. King of Scotland if he would renounce the Catholic faith. This proposal Mary Beatrice emphatically rejected; and, even after the lords had agreed to let her son remain a Catholic, she declined to allow the Prince, a mere child of thirteen, to go to Scotland.

Yet both she and her friends evidently believed in the young King's eventual restoration to the throne of his ancestors, and the hopes and fears that alternately swayed her mind are reflected in her letters.

At one time it seemed as though her fond anticipations were about to be realized. Mary II. died childless in the prime of life, William III. survived his unfortunate father-in-law only a few months, the Princess Anne's children had died in infancy, and, moreover, it was well known that Anne had expressed regret for her unfilial conduct towards her father.

No wonder, then, that the faithful Jacobites were inclined to believe that by removing these rival competitors Providence was preparing the way for the return of England's legitimate sovereign. It would lead us too far to relate through what circumstances and influences Anne's dispositions changed after her accession in 1702, and how she ended by recognizing the Elector of Hanover as her future successor to the English throne.

Together with her standing anxiety with regard to her son's political prospects, the Queen's letters about this time contain some allusions to the terrible disease—cancer in the breast—which was to afflict her during the rest of her life.

The celebrated Court Surgeon Fagon, whom she consulted on the subject, had assured her that by submitting from time to time to a painful operation, she might live many years still. This prophecy proved correct, but the sufferer's first impulse was to exclaim that her life was not worth preserving; however, she soon blamed herself for giving way to what seemed like rebellion against the Divine Will, and promised that for the sake of God and her children, she would follow any treatment that was thought necessary.

At times she suffered acutely, and was even prevented from going to her beloved Chaillot. Thus, in 1705, she was unable to spend the King's anniversary among her cloistered friends:

The day of all the year when it is most trying to me to appear in public; but God is the Master. I must try and obey with patience.

And, again, on the 22nd of July, after telling her friends that she has been trying a new remedy, "powder of snails," she adds :

I leave you with Magdalen at the foot of the Cross, where my heart lies without any comfort, but where it desires to remain as long as such is the will of God.

The quiet of Chaillot, the affectionate attentions of the Religious, who seem to have been the worthy daughters of the kindest and most indulgent of modern saints, soothed the weary spirit of one whose childhood and early youth had been spent in the happy atmosphere of an Italian cloister. "I should as soon forget my children and myself as I should forget Chaillot," she writes to her beloved Mother Priolo. And again :

It is a true pleasure for me to see you all in general and each one in particular, for I love some of you with the tenderness of a child as if they were my mothers, and the others with the tenderness of a mother as if they were my children.

Although the Queen's inclination drew her frequently to the peaceful convent on the banks of the Seine, she was aware that to others the pilgrimage might be less attractive :

Every one is so much against my journey to Chaillot [she writes] that I do not venture to undertake it, for, besides the extreme cold, all the people who are about me have colds, and I should have some difficulty in finding even one or two to accompany me. . . . I must be patient and do the will of others rather than my own.

The snow and ice often kept the Queen weather-bound. "No one can come near us," she writes, and once, in July, an inundation seems to have put an insuperable barrier between Chaillot and St. Germain. This event evidently caused much sensation: "Who would believe it?" writes the Queen, and she concludes as usual: "We must submit in this as in all other things, and repeat that small and yet great word—*Fiat!*"

Allusions to public events are rare in the letters; it is clear that the royal widow wrote simply to discharge her full heart; as a rule, the politics of the day interest her slightly, except when they bear on the interests of her son.

Thus, she often refers to England, and the severity shown by the Government towards the Jacobites pains her to the quick; only here and there are passing allusions to what formed the subject of the conversations of the day in Paris:

the sermons of Père Massillon, the conduct of the nuns of Port Royal, who "will not submit," and later on the campaigns of the young Duke of Burgundy.

There was a frequent interchange of presents between Chaillot and St. Germain: the nuns sent their royal friend fruit, bread, salad, and jam; the Queen gives a present of tea—*te*, she calls it—to Sister Gabrielle, who, in return, writes her an "eloquent" letter of thanks.

Indeed the Italian consort of our last Stuart King seems to have been almost as fond of tea as the twentieth century subjects of King Edward VII. The Chaillot annalist often mentions that the Queen took tea at the convent; once, having discovered that she had given it up from a spirit of penance, her confessor promptly obliged her to resume her *te*.

Presents of tea to Sister Gabrielle, and occasionally the gift of some relic of her past splendour to adorn the convent chapel, was all that the exiled Queen of Great Britain could bestow on her friends. They knew better than any one to what straits of poverty she was reduced. Not only her allowance as Queen Consort, but even the large dowry that she had brought from Modena, had been seized by William III.; she could only depend upon the pension of 50,000 frs. a month which Louis XIV. had settled on his kinsfolk. The sum was a large one, so large indeed that both James II. and Mary Beatrice had protested that it far exceeded their requirements. In the end, however, it proved barely sufficient to provide for the unlucky exiles, with whom their royal mistress scrupulously shared all she possessed, and whose condition made her suffer far more than her own privations.

As long as her pension was regularly paid she seems to have been able to meet the claims of her faithful dependents, but towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV. the finances of the kingdom became much embarrassed, and in consequence long intervals sometimes elapsed without the unfortunate Queen receiving any part of her monthly allowance. These delays were a source of keen suffering both to her and to those who depended on her bounty, but her proud and sensitive spirit shrank from informing the King of France of her distress; she frankly owned to her friends that she dreaded nothing so much as "being dependent on others," or "importunate." The Chaillot annalist tells us how, on one occasion, a priest from St. Germain came to the convent and informed Mary Beatrice

that among the emigrants were persons who had not tasted any food for thirty hours; he urged her, in consequence, to go to Marly and inform Louis XIV. that her allowance had not been paid. The Queen seems to have been divided between her pity for the sufferers and her nervous fear of appearing indiscreet. At last, much agitated, she started on her unwelcome errand. "I dare not, I shall never have the courage," she kept repeating.

On these occasions, Madame de Maintenon, who appears to have been sincerely attached to the royal widow, generally interpreted her wishes to the King.

Out of consideration for Louis XIV., who, as our readers know, attached much importance to the external emblems of royalty, Mary Beatrice continued, even after her widowhood, to keep up a certain show of state at St. Germain, but her personal expenses were reduced as much as possible, and we are told how, on one occasion, she spoke sharply to her devoted attendant, Lady Strickland, who had sent up some young partridges for the Queen's dinner, a delicacy that her royal mistress thought too expensive. For many years she was unable to pay even for the simple apartment she rented at the convent. "My poverty is never more painful to me than when I think of Chaillot," she writes; "if ever I become rich you will be the first to benefit by it." And again: "I hardly dare tell you in what straits I am for want of money. . . . At St. Germain, all are dying of hunger."

Financial embarrassments were not the Queen's only cross; the delicacy of her son's health was a continual source of anxiety, to which there are many allusions in her letters to the nuns, whose prayers she often asks on his behalf. "I am praying for my son to be cured through the intercession of the King, if such be God's will," she writes on one occasion. The Prince was subject to violent attacks of fever, for which, according to the barbarous custom of the day, he was frequently bled. "God is the Master," writes his mother, after one of these alarms; "He will do for him and for me, what pleases Him best."

By degrees James outgrew the delicacy that had so often made his mother tremble; his portrait at Versailles represents him as a well-grown, handsome youth, with fine features, brown eyes, and an aristocratic bearing. The good nuns are loud in praise of his "tranquil and deliberate air;" he was, in truth,

somewhat cold and melancholy in expression, and the Queen frankly owned to her convent friends that, whereas her daughter possessed "solid and brilliant" qualities, her son was wanting in brilliancy; "though," she added, "thank God, he is deficient neither in wisdom nor intelligence." He appears, at any rate, to have been wanting in that charm of manner, which some princes and princesses of his race possessed in so marked a degree,—that nameless, seductive charm that made Mary Queen of Scots famous, and Henrietta Stuart, Duchess of Orleans, the idol of the French Court. His own sister had inherited the gift, and the Duke of Perth, who was the Prince's tutor in his boyhood, used to exhort him to acquire the engaging and gracious manners that made the Princess Louise so popular.

The "Princess of England," as our Queen's only daughter was called in France, had been brought up under the supervision of the Countess of Middleton, of whom Mary Beatrice spoke to her convent friends as "a courageous woman, full of faith," who, in England, was accustomed to go out at night to assist the persecuted Catholics.¹

The Princess had inherited her mother's fine figure, beautiful eyes and complexion, also her proud and sensitive nature; in consequence, she was keenly alive to the trials and difficulties of a life of exile, under the patronage, however generous, of a foreign Sovereign. She possessed intellectual gifts of a high order, together with a loving heart, a bright temper, and a singularly sweet disposition. "Never," says the Chaillot annalist, "was any one more easy to serve." The Queen had brought up her children with much tenderness. She owned to her friends that, having suffered herself from her mother's severity, she strove to treat her children in a manner that should inspire them with confidence rather than with fear. She evidently attained her object; the closest and most loving intimacy reigned between the Princess and her mother, and Madame de Maintenon once justly observed, that Princess Louise was the Queen's best friend.

For the sake of her daughter, Mary Beatrice occasionally took part in the pageants of the French Court. At Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Marly, she and her children were received with unvarying courtesy and kindness; the grace and beauty

¹ The Countess of Middleton, *née* Catherine Brudenell, died at St. Germain on March 11, 1743, at the age of ninety-three. Her husband, Lord Middleton, died on August 8, 1719, only a year after the Queen.

of the "Princess of England" made her universally popular, she reminded the old courtiers of her brilliant and short-lived aunt, Henrietta Stuart, the "Madame" of Bossuet's famous funeral oration.

More enjoyable, however, than the *fêtes* of Versailles were the informal gatherings that the widowed Queen occasionally permitted to amuse her children and their young friends.

Count Anthony Hamilton,¹ to whose gossiping letters and verses we are indebted for many details respecting the exiled Stuarts, describes a certain Shrove Tuesday, when the exiled King of Great Britain and his bright young sister danced to their heart's content, much to the admiration of the town folk, whom the Queen kindly allowed to witness the gay scene.

The same Hamilton in his inflated verses, which, although devoid of literary merit, are interesting from their accurate and lively descriptions of the little Court of St. Germain, gives us an account of the simple pleasures of the Princess Louise, for whom he professed unbounded admiration.

Accompanied by the young girls who had grown up with her, the Middletons, Dillons, Mareschals, Plowdens, the "nymphs of St. Germain," as Hamilton gallantly calls them, she often went during the long summer days to Pontalie, a country house belonging to Hamilton's sister, the Comtesse de Grammont. Here a plentiful collation was prepared for the royal party by their hostess, who evidently wished to brighten, as far as lay in her power, the somewhat dull life of the young exiles. Again, Hamilton describes how Princess Louise and her friends, the charming Misses Plowden, "those two divinities, the Ladies Dillon and Mareschal," chaperoned by the young Duchess of Berwick,² went on a pilgrimage to a chapel dedicated to St. Thibaut, in the forest of St. Germain. The object of their visit was to pray for the Queen's faithful secretary, Mr. Dicconson, who was suffering from fever, and they gravely recited the Divine Office as they went along, only the Duchess of Berwick preferred picking strawberries to saying

¹ Count Anthony Hamilton, a Scotchman by birth, wrote in French. He had spent some years at the Court of Charles II. and afterwards followed James II. to St. Germain. His works consist of letters, verses, romances, and memoirs. In the *Causeries du Lundi*, November, 1849, Ste. Beuve, the eminent French critic, analyses Hamilton's literary works with his usual skill and delicacy. See *Œuvres du Cte. Hamilton*, Edit. d'Utrecht, MDCCXXXI.

² Anne Bulkeley, daughter of Lady Sophia Bulkeley, the devoted attendant of Mary Beatrice, married the Duke of Berwick in 1700 as his second wife.

her prayers! On arriving at the chapel the pilgrims, after paying their respects to St. Thibaut, sat down to refresh themselves, but a certain Chevalier de la Salle, who had not shown sufficient piety, was laughingly condemned by the Princess to sit apart from the rest and to wash out their glasses. The unexpected arrival of Mr. Dicconson in person was greeted with joyous exclamations. "A miracle!" cried the young people, whose enthusiasm knew no bounds when the new-comer informed them that the fever had left him in answer to their prayers.

Although their position in the present and their prospects for the future were gloomy enough, the mutual love and confidence that reigned between the Queen and her children made their home life a happy one, and in the free atmosphere of St. Germain the Prince and Princess led simpler and more natural lives than would have been possible in stately Whitehall. But in 1708 even these pleasures came to an end. Supported by Louis XIV., James III., as he was fondly called, resolved to effect a landing in Scotland.

The history of this unfortunate attempt does not belong to our narrative; with his usual ill luck the Prince caught the measles at Dunquerque; his departure was thus delayed, and his adversaries were able, in consequence, to take measures for defending the coast. Although actually in sight of the ancient realm where his ancestors had reigned, James was unable to land; indeed, he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the English admiral.

His mother's letters during these trying weeks are full of anxiety: "The desolation of my heart would excite your pity," she writes to her friends. At last news reached her that the Prince was safe, but, naturally enough, James found life at St. Germain somewhat monotonous, and he obtained the King's permission to join the French army in Flanders under the name of the "Chevalier St. Georges."

There he found himself face to face with the English troops under Marlborough, who at that very moment was carrying on a secret correspondence with the exiled Stuarts. The Elector of Hanover, the Protestant candidate to the English throne, was universally unpopular, and this unpopularity seemed to favour the hopes of the Jacobites; indeed there can be little doubt that if James had been willing to renounce his religion, his restoration would have been comparatively easy; but in

this matter he showed an unflinching firmness that rejoiced his mother's heart.

After serving in the French army with some distinction, the Chevalier undertook a prolonged tour through the eastern and southern provinces of France, and during his absence the Queen and her daughter resided more at Chaillot than at St. Germain.

One of the Queen's motives was economy, another was her desire to escape from the intrigues and quarrels of her little Court.

Most of the followers who surrounded the exiled Sovereigns had given them proofs of a loyalty, generosity, and devotedness beyond all praise; but, in the long run, poverty and inaction are apt to embitter the noblest natures. The circle in which the emigrants moved was a small one, and it was, alas! but natural that frequent disappointments and continual privations should at last breed discontent.

Besides this, national antipathies divided the English, Scotch, and Irish refugees; and we gather from the Queen's confidences to her cloistered friends, "that there were many disputes among the different nations at St. Germain."

No wonder, then, that Mary Beatrice, anxious and harassed, weary in mind and body, grew to look upon the convent as a haven of rest. The life that she led within its walls was a somewhat austere one for her daughter, a young girl full of health and spirits, but the Princess was devoted to her mother, and Count Hamilton, while deploring her absence from St. Germain, owns that "all the pleasures in the world" were nothing to her compared to the enjoyment she experienced in her mother's companionship.

Hamilton's poetical effusions, with their old-fashioned gallantry, vapid sentiment and occasional touches of humour, were duly sent to the Princess at Chaillot, where they probably caused much amusement to the simple-minded nuns, *aimables et saintes vestales*, whom the old courtier drolly upbraids for monopolizing their illustrious visitors.

Another and deeper source of interest to the Queen and her daughter were the letters of the Chevalier St. Georges.

With motherly pride Mary Beatrice was accustomed to read them aloud to the community at recreation-time, and the Chaillot annalist gives us a faithful summary of their contents.

The Prince seems to have been a good letter-writer; he relates how at Besançon he was deeply interested by the Holy

Winding Sheet, upon which he observed, what the twentieth century scientists noticed two years ago at Turin, "marks of blood and the figure of our Lord." At Lyons he visited the silk factories, and being anxious to buy a dress for his sister, he requested "Madame l'Intendante to help him to select the finest possible brocade."

Alas! this dress, in which the fair young Louise was to figure in the stately pageants of Versailles, was never worn by her! After her premature death it became the property of her governess, Lady Middleton, who returned it to the Queen. Mary Beatrice had a vestment made for Chaillot out of the beautiful brocade, so carefully chosen by "Madame l'Intendante"; like other memorials of the Stuarts, it disappeared during the Revolution!

The diary of the Chaillot Sister gives us many pleasant glimpses of the life of the royal ladies during their prolonged stay within the convent.

One day, for instance, when the Queen and her daughter were surrounded by the community, the conversation turned on the future. "As for me," observed the Princess, "I am glad to know nothing of the future; it is a great mercy of God to have hidden it from us." The Queen agreed to this, and added, that if on arriving in France she had known that she was to remain even two years in exile, she would have been in despair, "yet," she said, sadly, "we have now been here for twenty-three years." "It seems to me, madame," resumed Princess Louise, "that those who, like myself, are born in adversity, are not so much to be pitied; never having known prosperity, they feel their misfortunes less, and they can always hope for better times; nevertheless their fate is a sad one, having to spend the best part of their youth in so trying a situation." And as she spoke, we seem to see the shadow that darkened her girlish brow. One of the nuns then reminded the Princess that her grandmother, Queen Henrietta Maria, had, within these very walls, thanked God for her misfortunes. Mary Beatrice agreed to this: "I thank God," she said gravely, "for you and for my son, that He has put you in the position you are in; your love of pleasure might have carried you too far." To this somewhat austere lesson of Christian philosophy, the Princess sweetly replied: "That is true, madame."

Another day, the Queen spoke of the death of Charles II. Far from being elated at the prospect of ascending the throne,

I hardly ventured [she said] to show my sorrow, for fear of being accused of hypocrisy. . . . I loved King Charles tenderly. He always showed me great kindness.

She gave the nuns many details relating to the ceremony of her coronation, the splendour of which contrasted painfully with her present poverty; her mantle and her robes were, she told them, covered with precious stones; not only had all the crown jewels been used for the purpose, but stones had been borrowed from all the London jewellers, and nothing was lost but a very small diamond. Even in the midst of this splendour the Queen was sad. She noticed with terror that the crown continually slipped from the King's head.

My coronation [she said] happened to be on the feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, a prophecy of all the crosses that were in store for us.

Of the jewels that had once been hers, the widowed Queen only kept two rings, which she often showed to her cloistered friends; one was her betrothal ring, the other, a ruby, had been placed on her finger on the day of her coronation; all the rest had been sold since her arrival in France, for the benefit of the starving emigrants.

Sometimes the Queen's reminiscences carried her still farther back, to her Italian home and the far away recollections of her distant childhood. She spoke of her mother, who, in spite of her Mazarin blood,¹ was a woman of austere virtue, who seems to have brought up her daughter with unnecessary severity, even boxing her ears when she omitted a certain verse of the Psalm *Benedixisti*. Mary Beatrice, although professing deep respect for her mother, declared that she had educated her own children on other lines, treating them with more confidence and indulgence.

The name of King James was often on the lips of his widow; she owned that, as an unwilling bride of fifteen, she had disliked him, but that after a few months she loved him with an "excessive love," though he sometimes caused her "intolerable pain." With touching pride she spoke of his career as Admiral of England.

¹ Laura Martinuzzi, Duchess of Modena, was the daughter of Mazarin's sister. Her first cousins were the four Mazarin sisters, whose reputation was not like hers, unimpeachable.

When he came home victorious [she said], the people worshipped him. He knew all about the navy, and only thought of his people's happiness.

The King, my lord [she said again], was the bravest man that ever lived, . . . that is what M. de Turenne said of him. . . . I feared nothing when I saw the King near me; it always seemed to me that with him I could face any danger.

The simple and accurate narrative of the Chaillot annalist brings up before us visions of the large *salle d'assemblée*, which we know was hung with pictures of the Stuart kings and queens, with windows looking over the broad river and distant prospect of hill and wood. The nuns sat on the ground in a circle round the Queen, who, in spite of age and ill health, retained the noble and gracious dignity that enchanted St. Simon. We seem to see the wistful look in her dark eyes, those eyes of which Madame de Sévigné said that they were always tearful, as she touched on the memories of other days. By her side the Princess Louise, bright and blooming, the very ideal of healthy and happy youth, seemed destined to outlive by many years the mother who carried within her breast the seeds of a mortal disease.

Life at Chaillot was, happily for the young Stuart Princess, occasionally varied by royal visits; thus on a certain rainy day in September, 1711, the Dauphiness and her sister-in-law, the Duchess de Berry, came to see the Queen. "How is it, my dear Dauphiness," exclaimed Mary Beatrice, "that you thought of seeking a poor old woman in her convent!" While the Queen conversed affectionately with her great-niece,¹ Princess Louise did the honours of the monastery to that most unedifying of royal ladies, the Duchess de Berry.²

Two days afterwards, came an equerry leading a horse; he carried a letter from the Dauphiness to the Queen, begging her Majesty to allow Princess Louise to join a royal hunting-party in the Bois de Boulogne. The Dauphiness sent one of her own horses for her cousin's use, together with a riding-habit of scarlet and gold. The letter was so sweetly worded, the horse and the habit so delicately offered, the intentions of the writer were

¹ Marie Adelaide of Savoy, Duchess of Burgundy, then Dauphiness, was, through her mother, Anne Marie of Orleans, grand-daughter of Henrietta Stuart, Duchess of Orleans, the youngest daughter of Charles I.

² Daughter of the Regent, Philippe, Duke of Orleans, married to the Duke de Berry, grandson of Louis XIV., she was famous for her disorderly life and premature death.

obviously so kind, that Mary Beatrice could only rejoice at her child's pleasure. The Princess tried the horse in the convent garden and found that, although she had not ridden for two years, "she was quite at her ease." The Chaillot Sister, who evidently was deeply interested in the proceedings, tells us that the Princess rode away with the Duchesses of Lauzun and Duras; that the hunting-party was a great success, that "all Paris" came to witness it. She adds with evident pride that the Princess of England was much admired, and that all present marvelled at her good looks, considering that she had spent "all the summer in a convent."

Although, in this instance, the Queen gladly allowed her daughter to share in the pleasures of the French Court, her naturally proud spirit sometimes resented the attentions lavished on herself and her children. She frankly owned to this weakness:

"I am very proud [she once said to her Chaillot friends], for I cannot bear to receive presents, not being able to return them. From the same principle I cannot make up my mind to have my portrait painted; it is hard to see oneself old and ugly when one remembers one's youth.

She disliked going to Versailles: "I am embarrassed to show myself, I feel so old," she used to say.

These trifling weaknesses, which the Queen so naïvely acknowledged, seem to make her more lovable; with almost child-like simplicity she was ready to conquer them if necessary. Her faithful friend, the Duke de Lauzun, having explained to her that her presence at Versailles was useful to the interests of her son, she unhesitatingly acted by his advice and, overcoming her reluctance, paid a formal round of visits to the princesses.

A shadow was hanging over the stately palace where the destitute and exiled Queen of Great Britain felt so strangely out of place. In February, 1712, the Dauphiness fell dangerously ill and died after a few days' illness; within a week, her husband followed her to the grave, leaving as sole heir of the French monarchy a fragile child of three.

There needed no persuasion to draw Mary Beatrice to Versailles during those days of anguish; she was at the side of Louis XIV. when the Dauphiness lay dying, and her affectionate sympathy soothed the grief of the aged monarch as he watched the departure of the young royal pair on whom he had built his hopes for the future of France.

Little did the Queen then imagine that two months later a similar blow was to fall upon her own home!

In the early spring of that fatal year, 1712, the Chevalier St. Georges returned from his travels, and joined his mother and sister at St. Germain. A few days afterwards he sickened with the small-pox, and grave fears were entertained for his life. On the 10th of April his sister was attacked by the same terrible disease, and on the 18th she breathed her last, her brother being still dangerously ill.

Among the papers at the Hôtel Soubise is one which is pathetic in its simplicity. Outside are written these words:

Christian sentiments expressed to the Queen by the Princess of England in her last illness. . . . The Queen of England herself deigned to dictate the words said to her by the Princess her daughter; they were written down in her Majesty's room, in the evening at six o'clock, on the 12th of October, 1712.

We picture to ourselves the scene; the dim autumn evening, the compassionate nuns who surrounded the royal mother, and, in their midst, the weeping Queen, whose voice is broken by her sobs as she relates to these beloved friends her last interview with her darling. When she entered her daughter's room, the latter said to her:

Madame, you see before you the happiest person in the world. I have made my general confession; it seems to me that I made it as well as I possibly could, and that, if I was told now that I was about to die, I could not do better than I have done. I resign myself into the hands of God. I do not ask Him to let me live, but only that His will may be accomplished.

Her child's heroism seems to have given the Queen strength to overcome her sorrow. "I own," she said, "that I ask God to preserve your life in order that you may serve and love Him still better than you have done hitherto." "Madame," said the Princess, "if I wish to live it is for that only, and also," she added, tenderly, "because I think that I could be of some consolation to you."

Their mutual grief created a new bond between Mary Beatrice and the bereaved King of France. The Chaillot nun tells us how, when she went to Versailles, they mingled their tears, "because the young had been taken away and the old remained."

Although no rebellious word ever passed her lips, the Queen

never ceased to mourn her daughter. She writes on May 19th, 1712, to Mother Priolo :

What shall I say to you of the dear daughter that God gave me and that He has taken from me, nothing, except that because it is He who has done this, I must be silent and open my lips only to bless His Holy Name. He is the Master of the mother and the children. He has taken one and has left me the other. I cannot doubt that He has done what is best for the one and for the other, and for me also.

Her one comfort was the knowledge that her darling was safe from harm ; she was convinced "that the English would have preferred the Princess to the King, and would have married her according to their pleasure to some Protestant prince."

It seems certain that Princess Louise, as her brother's heiress, was looked upon as the chief hope of the Jacobite party. Her beauty, high spirit, gracious manners, and blooming health seemed to qualify her to play an important part ; but she herself was too tenderly attached to her brother to realize, what her mother knew, that she was more intelligent and winning, and in consequence more popular than he was.

Three months after her bereavement Mary Beatrice returned to Chaillot ; on entering, the Sister tells us that she uttered a "great cry," and wept copiously. But her resignation and submission never failed : "God is the Master, . . . may His Holy Name be blessed," she said, sobbing. In the evening when she had retired to her room, she exclaimed : "I am now free to weep for my poor daughter ; but my God, may Thy will be done ! May Thou be blessed for Thy dealings towards me."

The nuns seem, somewhat indiscreetly, to have talked before the Queen of certain absurd rumours that were current, to the effect that Princess Louise on her death-bed had refused to receive her Jesuit confessor, whose presence was forced upon her by her mother.¹ The Queen indignantly contradicted these reports, adding that she had ever made it a point to allow her children to choose their doctors and their confessors. She then went on to speak of the Jesuits, owning that she had regretted Father Petre's influence over her husband ; "but," she added, "the Society should not be made responsible for the

¹ Something of the kind did actually take place with regard to the Dauphiness, if we may believe St. Simon, but what seems to have been true in her case was absolutely false as regards the English Princess.

faults of one man." Her own confessor, during many years, was a Jesuit, Father Ruga.

The Queen's depression was still further increased by her son's departure. Louis XIV. had come to terms with England, and in consequence of his recognition of Queen Anne, had pledged himself that the Chevalier St. Georges should leave France.

Before his departure the Prince went to Chaillot, where his visits evidently excited much interest. The nuns were, as may be supposed, staunch Jacobites, and the "King of England" was received by them with royal honours. The diary tells us that he was sometimes dressed in red, sometimes in black, and that he had *très bon air*. He used to take tea with his mother, and never failed to thank the nuns in courteous terms for their good care of the Queen.

When at last he was obliged to leave France for Bar, where he was hospitably entertained by the Duke of Lorraine, his letters continued to cheer his mother and amuse the community.

Mary Beatrice, we are told, wept bitterly on parting from her son, but, with innate generosity, she abstained from blaming Louis XIV., although the Treaty of Utrecht, which was signed on March 30, 1713, gave her much pain. It deprived the Chevalier of the empty royal title he had hitherto borne in France and Spain, and made him an exile for the second time.

The Chaillot diary tells us that the Queen asked the Sisters if they had seen a copy of the treaty.

They replied that they had not the courage to read it. "Oh," said the Queen, "I will have courage for you," and, rising from her couch, she took her spectacles and read it herself, beginning by the titles of the King and Queen of Great Britain; she then came to the 4th and 5th Articles, where it is stated that, in order to secure peace, the King recognizes the Protestant line of Hanover, according to the Act of Parliament; and that he promises that he who has taken the title of King of Great Britain shall not remain in France.

The Queen sighed deeply as she read these last words. "The King of France knows the truth," she said; "he knows if my son unjustly calls himself King." Those who were present, says the Sister, remained silent, not knowing what to say. The Queen continued: "The King of France could not act otherwise," then raising her thoughts to the Higher Power,

to whose mysterious and all-wise Providence she committed her interests, she added, meekly : " The Lord will take care of us ! " Her letters express the same resignation ; when human props failed, she sought consolation in her unfailing faith. " We have placed everything in the hands of God ; let us not withdraw the offering ; He knows best what is good for us. "

The following year—1714—a report seems to have got about that the Chevalier had become a Protestant, but the Queen never doubted her son's fidelity to the faith of his baptism ; with motherly joy and pride she sent her friends the copy of a letter, in which, in emphatic terms, he assured her that he would rather die than renounce his religion. This paper is at the Hôtel Soubise, together with the Queen's own letter, where she relates that on reading the Prince's profession of faith, she fell on her knees to thank God " for giving us both the same way of thinking. "

In her lonely old age, her daughter dead, her son far away, Mary Beatrice had the supreme comfort of knowing that her only child felt and thought as she did on the points that she had most at heart. Indeed, it is certain that his staunch adhesion to the Catholic faith was the chief obstacle that lay between the unfortunate heir of James II. and the throne of Great Britain.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

Education in England before the Reformation.

IN 1896, a noteworthy addition was made to the list of myths already exploded by the burrower among our old records. In the last few decades English history, especially of the Reformation period, has had practically to be re-written, and it is only by degrees that we are beginning to view it in its true light.

Naturally, Englishmen have not been very ready to alter the cherished convictions with which three centuries of misrepresentation and prejudice have clouded their minds, so that the work has been emphatically a slow one. Was it in a spirit of prophecy that the coins of the maligned Mary, our last Catholic Queen Regnant, bore the motto, *Veritas temporis filia*—"Truth is the daughter of time"? The nineteenth century has most effectively reversed the hasty verdict of the sixteenth.

In nothing has there been so great a change in public opinion as in our present views of the characters of the chief actors in those events. Time was, and it has not long passed away, when Elizabeth was always spoken of as "good Queen Bess," but it would be hard to find now-a-days in any Board School a child who would honour her with such a misleading title. Her half-brother, Edward VI., has also been rapidly losing the many apocryphal good qualities which early Protestant writers so plentifully invested him with. One of his greatest claims to the admiration of posterity has been that put forward so persistently on his behalf, that it was he, acting through his counsellors, who initiated our system of secondary education and who was the founder of nearly all our English Grammar Schools. "Never," says Mr. A. F. Leach in his history of English Schools at the Reformation, "was a great reputation more easily gained and less deserved than that of King Edward VI. as a founder of schools."¹ He stands out in virtue of being the

¹ *English Schools at the Reformation.* By Arthur F. Leach, M.A., F.S.A. Westminster: Archibald Constable and Co., 1896.

"reputed founder of Christ's Hospital, Birmingham Grammar School, &c., as *par excellence* the founder of schools and the patron saint of industrious school-boys," a delusion that Mr. Leach very soon dispels for us.

Before proceeding to the proofs, Mr. Leach gives short shrift to those writers who have dealt with the question in these later times, singling out for especial notice Mr. J. R. Green, who in his famous *Short History of the English People* burns incense before the shrine of Edward VI. and of his father and sister as the founders of English education. Speaking of the state of learning in Edward VI.'s reign, Green says: "All teaching ceased at the Universities: the students indeed had fallen off in number, the libraries were in parts scattered or burnt, the intellectual impulse of the New Learning had passed away. One noble measure indeed, the foundation of eighteen Grammar Schools, was destined to throw a lustre over the name of Edward, but it had not time to bear fruit in his reign."

Speaking of the foundation of Dean Colet's St. Paul's School in the early years of Henry VIII., Green makes the bold statement that "more Grammar Schools," in imitation of Colet's example, "were founded in the latter years of Henry VIII. than in the three centuries before"; and that "the Grammar Schools of Edward VI. and Elizabeth—in a word, the system of middle-class education, which by the close of the century had changed the very face of England—were the direct results of Colet's foundation of St. Paul's." "These statements," says Mr. Leach, "are an amazing reversal of the real facts." Green's authority is founded upon a distorted passage in Knight's *Life of Colet*,¹ in which that writer asserts that "within thirty years *before* the Reformation there were more Grammar Schools erected and endowed in England than had been in three hundred years before." Taken by itself, Knight's statement must be taken *cum grano*, but as he doubtless means by the "Reformation" the whole movement which began with the dissolution of the monasteries in 1535, the inference that Green draws from Knight's statement is a totally inaccurate one.

In the face of the universal consensus of adulation which all Protestant writers from the Reformation to our own days have lavished upon the educational policy of Edward VI., or rather that of his advisers, it was refreshing to see the gauntlet of defiance thrown down, and a reputation of three centuries fading

¹ P. 100, Edit. 1724.

into thin air in the face of the unanswerable evidence adduced. These official State Papers given to the world by Mr. Leach entirely contradict everything that had hitherto been written upon the subject. They are the returns made by the Royal Commissioners sent out between 1546 and 1549, to report on the various Colleges, Guilds, Chantries, and Hospitals throughout England; and it will hardly be believed that these show indisputably, that instead of Edward VI. having been the munificent founder of our educational system, not a single school, with the exception of Christ's Hospital (which was certainly not founded as a Free Grammar School), owed its existence to that King.

At the era of the great spoliation, England was covered thickly with hundreds of Grammar Schools, some of which had existed even from before the Conquest, and a very large proportion dated from the middle to the end of the fifteenth century, when the cessation of the Wars of the Roses and the discovery of printing had given fresh impetus to learning. Mr. Leach completed a list of close upon two hundred Grammar Schools which were in existence before the reign of Edward VI., and which, he adds, "were for the most part abolished or crippled under him." These records, however, seem to have been very defective, and "are only the survivors of a much larger host, which have been lost in the storms of the past and drowned in the seas of destruction." A complete account is probably irrecoverable; but Mr. Leach's belief that three hundred pre-Reformation schools would be a very moderate estimate, is probably not far from the mark; and "of these, most of them were swept away under Henry or his son, or if not swept away, plundered and damaged."

Of these existing schools, there were seven distinct classes—(1) Those connected with Cathedral Churches; (2) with Monasteries; (3) with Collegiate Churches or Colleges; (4) with Hospitals; (5) with Guilds; (6) with Chantries; and (7) Independent Schools, such as that founded by Dean Colet, in which the master might be married and a layman. The Cathedral Schools were by far the most ancient, tracing their descent, in many cases, from time immemorial, from the very foundation indeed of the churches themselves. Every Cathedral Church indeed was bound to maintain a Grammar School, and many of them have long and interesting records, dating from the eleventh century and upwards. Very quaint are some of the statutes. At Wells "the boys slept three in a bed, two

smaller boys with their heads to the head of the bed, and an older one with his head to the foot of the bed, and his feet between the others' heads. Their playtime was only half an hour, or at the most an hour, before supper in winter, after it in summer. Minute directions are given that the boys were to cut their bread at dinner, not to gnaw it with their teeth or tear it with their nails; drink with their mouths empty, not full, and not pick their teeth with their knives, and to take up their meat like gentlemen, not ravenously." A Chorister or "Song School" was also generally maintained by each Cathedral Chapter, entirely distinct from the Grammar School, but in the time of Elizabeth they merged one in the other, and the same master was employed to give instruction to the two.

The early College Schools, which make a prominent feature in these records, would figure still more largely than they do, had they not for the most part been ruthlessly suppressed at the dissolution of the monasteries—"daily devoured and nothing said." Many of these were most important, such as the Colleges of St. John of Beverley; St. John the Baptist, Chester; St. Cross, Crediton; St. Wilfrid of Ripon; St. Mary and St. Chad of Shrewsbury; St. Mary of Southwell; St. Mary of Stafford; St. Edith of Tamworth; St. Mary of Warwick; St. Mary of Wimborne. "These," says Mr. Leach, "all appear in Domesday, and are so ancient as to be almost of pre-historic origin in Saxon times." In constitution and character they were hardly to be distinguished from the schools of the Cathedral Churches. They were open to all lay as well as church folk. Boarders were taken, as is shown in a petition from the parishioners of Southwell to Henry VIII., begging for the continuance of the Grammar School. The post of master, *Magister Scholarum*, the principal office after the Dean, was at times occupied by a "morrow-mass priest," who was probably selected for the post from the fact of his having to rise early in order to say Mass for travellers and workmen going to their business.

When we get to the Monastic Schools we have to join issue with Mr. Leach, who we think was inclined to mete out rather less than justice to the regular clergy. He showed us his bias in more than one bitter passage, and brushed aside the evidence adduced on their behalf with scant ceremony. Thus when Mr. Mullinger in *Social England* quotes (from Strype) the Speaker of the House of Commons telling Queen Elizabeth in 1562 that "at least one hundred schools were wanting in

England which before that time had been,"—"An illusion," adds Mr. Mullinger, "which, we may safely assume with Strype, had reference to the Schools of the Monasteries"—Mr. Leach passes this over with the curt remark, "The assumption would, however, be extremely unsafe."

There can be no question that at the dissolution of the monasteries, the great majority of the schools attached to them perished in the general wreck, which is probably the reason why so few are recorded in Mr. Leach's list, which, as he has himself assured us, is very defective and incomplete. Still, Mr. Leach has grudgingly to admit that several schools are mentioned in his records in connection with monasteries; but he allows them the least possible credit, and is careful to bring forward any fact that may seem to tell against them. The "common belief," he tells us, that all the education in the Middle Ages was done by the monks, is quite wrong. After this expression of Mr. Leach's opinion we shall not be surprised to find "that the monks had little to do with general education and less with learning."

Of the schools in connection with hospitals, the information we possess is scanty and obscure. One interesting feature, however, is the connection that existed between hospitals and schools, and the way in which the Middle Ages had solved the difficult question of feeding poor scholars, the crux of our present School Boards. At Pontefract, we find that in 1266, St. Nicholas' Hospital was bound to find forty loaves a week for scholars of the School of Pontefract, and this was still done in the fifteenth century, subject to the proviso, "except in vacations."

One of the most famous of the Hospital Schools was that of St. Anthony, in Threadneedle Street, London. It was in great repute in Henry VIII.'s early years and is said to have educated Blessed Sir Thomas More and Dean Colet, among a host of lesser luminaries. The school attached to the Hospital of St. John the Baptist at Banbury, was especially celebrated; so much so, that it became a model for others, and from it issued a grammar that became a standard work. The foundation deeds of Manchester Grammar School (1515), declare that it is for a master "to teach and instruct children in grammar, according to the form of grammar then taught in the school in the town of Banbury." And in the statutes of 1525 it is insisted that the "High Master shall be able to teach children grammar, after the school-use, manner, and form of the

School of Banbury, in Oxfordshire, now there taught, which is called Stanbridge Grammar." John Stanbridge, who was a student of Winchester College, Fellow of New College, and was in 1501 collated to the Mastership of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist at Banbury, appears to have been the model school-master of the age. He wrote several school-books, and the "accidens of Maister Stanbridge owne makynge," as the old printer quaintly phrases it, was a popular work among others of the craft, and we have editions by Wynkyn de Worde, R. Pynson, and most of the early typographers.

The old English guilds added to their other claims to our respect, that of being the founders of many of our existing Grammar Schools. In fact, the maintenance of a school free for members' sons or for the community at large became part of the regular duties of one of the priests attached to the guild, and some of the more important guilds were responsible for more than one school, the Mercers of London supplying no less than three, and the Goldsmiths two.

"Oddly enough," says Mr. Leach, "the Guild, out of which came the richest and largest of all existing Grammar Schools, that of Birmingham, is the only one given in detail in our records which is not stated to have kept a Grammar School, but the neighbouring Guild in Deritend, hard by, filled up the deficiency if it existed."

The schools in connection with Chantries are more numerous than those from any other source. Although Chantries were founded as early as the twelfth century, yet the great bulk of them came into existence in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, increasing with the spread of wealth among the trading classes right up to the Reformation. At their dissolution they were found to be more than a thousand in number, and even the man who dealt out to them their first death-blow, Henry VIII., directed in his will the foundation of Chantries for his own soul, which his successor did not carry into effect.

It is difficult to say when Chantries began to be utilized as endowments for Grammar Schools, and as in most cases the foundation-deeds of the Chantry Grammar Schools have disappeared and we are thrown back on the licences in mortmain enrolled on the Patent Rolls or Close Rolls, it is next to impossible to tell whether a Chantry was founded as a school or not. There were besides other very similar foundations, such as "the Service of our Lady" or "So-and-so's

Stipendiary," which are plentifully scattered through these lists as Grammar Schools or Grammar School Masters. Most of these stipendiaries, whose principal duty would be to say one or two Masses in the week in some particular chapel, generally our Lady's, would naturally have a considerable amount of spare time at their disposal, and their emoluments being but small, they would not be averse to increasing their income by keeping school.

This doubtless paved the way for the "Independent Schools," which were the most modern developments of all these various foundations. It is difficult to trace their origin back with any certainty beyond that of Chipping Campden in Worcestershire (1487). In all these schools as a rule, although not an invariable one, the masters were to be laymen, and in this first instance recorded it is curious to note that the words in the deed, "to find a priest," were struck through, and the whole entry cancelled with cross lines. It proved a fortunate excision, as the school escaped the plunder of the Reformation, and survived till the reign of Charles I. We have two or three other instances of lay education throughout the fifteenth century, but they are few and far between. Dean Colet, in founding St. Paul's School, provided that his Head Master should be a layman, "a wedded man, or a single man, or a priest that hath no benefice with cure," and Lily, the Head Master he appointed, was a layman and married. We must not forget to note the Exhibition Foundations which, although not on a large scale, amounted to £205 16s. 10d. as against the income enjoyed by the two hundred and fifty-nine schools in our list. These School and University Exhibitions absolutely disappeared.

Lower down in the scale, but still doing a great and important work, were numerous Song and Elementary Schools, the former of which did so much to make the England of pre-Reformation days "the land of song;" for Erasmus describes the English as a musical, and the Germans as a drunken people. Can we deny that the epithet to-day must be to a great extent reversed? The masters in many instances taught grammar as well as song, and brought up the youth under their charge "in learning and to play on the organs." Of all these schools only one, Newark, still survives, though in a mutilated form, to our own days. Mr. Leach regretfully asks: "How many Purcells have we lost, how many Wesleys, not to guess at Beethovens and Mozarts, for lack of the proper endowment of organists and

Song Schools?" One would have thought that the humble Elementary Schools might have escaped the spoiler's hands, but no fish, however small, seem to have been able to slip through the meshes, and they too shared the fate of the rest.

We come now to a very interesting question, the solution of which should upset another of the stock opinions held by most Englishmen, that of the numbers of the population which had access to Grammar Schools and made full use of their opportunities. Mr. Leach is very strong in his opinion that the proportion was much larger then than now, certainly than at the date of the only reliable statistics on the subject, viz., in the Schools Inquiry Commissions Report of 1865-6. Assuming that at the time of the Reformation the population of England was two and a half millions, this will give one Grammar School for every 8,300 people instead of one for 23,000, as in 1865. To put the case more forcibly Mr. Leach takes from the Poll Tax returns of 1377 forty-two towns "which, ranking in modern parlance as county boroughs, were assessed separately from the counties they were in." They had a total population of 166,000. Among them were London, York, Bristol, and he shows that with the exception perhaps of Dartmouth, the smallest in population, everyone of these towns had its Grammar School.

As for the numbers attending them, "wherever these are mentioned, they are surprising for their magnitude." Winchester and Eton, we know, had seventy scholars apiece, besides their Commoners and Oppidans, who at the former, within ten years of Wykeham's death, numbered one hundred. The Guild School at Worcester had more than a hundred. Taunton one hundred and forty, and small towns like Skipton and King's-Norton, in Worcestershire, had almost as many. Even in villages with populations of from two to three hundred "houseling people," we often find an attendance of thirty and forty scholars recorded.

It were much to be desired that we had any direct information of the learning taught the boys in these schools. Hardly an inventory of the goods which belonged to them has come down to us, to show us what books were used in their scholastic course. But when we find at Burgh-under-Stammore, now Brough, a wild Westmoreland town, that the school possessed six copies of the Bible called *glossa ordinaria*, i.e., a commentary used in the stated University lectures on the Bible, price 13s. 4d., the whole Bible in Latin, 20d., and

nine other books, two being dictionaries, it is pretty safe to conjecture that the schools in the more civilized districts would be in even better condition.

That the teaching given in these schools was of a primitive or elementary character there is every reason to doubt. We have no direct evidence—all is circumstantial—but we invariably find that when a schoolmaster is not up to his work, the inhabitants of the place are not slow in complaining of his deficiencies. Those who believe with Mr. Baß Mullinger, that "the average acquirements in these schools were limited to reading and writing and elementary knowledge of Latin," can hardly have realized the ordinary curriculum that was in vogue in the Grammar Schools, to which boys were not admitted until they had learnt their accidence—where Latin dialectic and rhetoric were taught which enabled a youth of sixteen or eighteen to go straight to the University or a learned profession. And a thorough knowledge of Latin was far more necessary in those times than in our own. It was the language of the higher professions, and everyone above the rank of a soldier or a workman, required not a mere smattering only of the grammar, but to be able to use it as a spoken as well as a written language. Well may Mr. Leach say that "for practical knowledge of the Latin tongue the young Becketts, or Mertons, or Wolseys might be safely pitted against their modern successors."

Catholics should be grateful to Mr. Leach for the work he did so thoroughly. They may easily forgive him his few harmless gibes at Catholic belief and practice—he deserves at least this at their hands. As year by year, on the production of fresh evidence, the Catholic Church in England is once more tried at the bar of public opinion and some one of its many imaginary crimes against posterity found *not proven*, so we may hope that the time shall at length come for our countrymen at last to acknowledge that, unwittingly it may be, they have borne false witness against her.

J. S. SHEPARD.

The Member for Fairdale.

CHAPTER IX.

NEMESIS.

TWO days after the declaration of the poll, Ronald Dare, the newly-elected Member of Parliament for Fairdale Episcopi, travelled down to Somersetshire as an invited guest of Sir Richard Forester.

At the little wayside station he found one of the Baronet's carriages waiting his arrival, and in it he was driven to Pine Court.

On his former visits, when he had come from London as one of a shooting-party, Ronald had been driven from the station in a dog-cart; and on the occasion of his last coming to the house a year ago the young barrister had found his own way in a crazy fly hired from the village inn. This apparent slight had not been accidental on Sir Richard's part, and yet it was not meant to be ill-natured. Though anything but a shrewd man of the world, the Baronet had readily guessed the reason that had brought Ronald, self-invited, to Somersetshire, and it was to prepare his guest for the disappointment in store for him that he had abstained from giving orders about his train being met. But now all this was changed. Ronald Dare, Esquire, M.P., who had just carried a contested Election, whose speeches and movements had been chronicled in the papers, whose aphorisms had even been quoted in a *Times* leader, was a vastly different being from the nameless young barrister whose "call" was a little more than four years old, whose prospects were to the last degree nebulous. And thus Ronald now found himself conducted with some ceremony by an obsequious footman to the carriage-and-pair which awaited him, and driven at a rapid pace along the hot dusty road and through the big gates leading to Pine Court, past the Forester oaks which had seen Kirke's army as it marched past on its way to crush Monmouth at Sedgemoor; and on the steps of the Court

stood Sir Richard himself, ready to greet his friend and wish him joy.

"Well, so here you are," exclaimed the Baronet heartily, as Dare stepped out of the carriage. "We've been reading all about your triumph up at Fairdale, and I scarcely expected you would be able to come to us. Your time must be pretty well taken up, eh?"

"It's over for the present," said Ronald, as he returned the old man's handshake, "and I've really nothing to do now until the House meets. I thought it very kind of you to invite me down."

"Not a bit of it. You're heartily welcome, my dear boy," replied his host, once more gripping Ronald's hand.

The young man could not forget that on all former occasions he had been addressed as "Mr. Dare," and he "smiled in his head," as a clever child once expressed it. And why not? It far more accurately describes surreptitious merriment than any allusion to the sleeve.

"There's a young lady in here who will be glad to see you," continued Sir Richard, opening the door of a small drawing-room into which only those on very friendly terms with the family were admitted. "Gertrude, here's our new legislator dying for a cup of tea. He'll tell you all about his grand doings at Fairdale, and how he routed the people who wanted to make out he was a Jesuit."

Gertrude's reception of Ronald was friendly, but a close observer would have detected in her heightened colour that he was more to her than an ordinary friend. Until her father withdrew, her words were commonplace enough, but no sooner were the two young people alone than her manner changed.

"Don't sit on that formal chair in a distant parish, Ronald," she said. "Come upon this sofa, and tell me all about everything."

"Well, dear, the best thing I've got to tell you is that your father seems glad to see me, which he never was before."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Gertrude. "He always liked you, I know."

"As one of a shooting-party, perhaps; but now I almost fancy that as a son-in-law he might not object to me."

"So you and my father have settled that between you? I suppose my inclination goes for nothing in such a matter as that."

"Well, of course it must receive the Royal Assent before it is actually law. But that was granted long ago. My dearest, to speak seriously, do you like the idea of being the wife of an M.P.?"

She was silent for a moment, as though reflecting what to say, but he gave her no time for reply.

"It means that you will see nothing of me from about three in the afternoon till midnight."

"Ah, during the session, you mean. But Ronald, I *am* so glad you are really in Parliament. It has always seemed to me the only profession that a man ought to adopt. Think of the opening it gives you for good. Think of the grand atmosphere of battle, the feeling that you are a real factor in the ruling of the greatest Empire on earth. Ronald, if I were a man, I would never rest until I was a Member of the House of Commons."

"Well said, Gertrude," replied Ronald, his heart full of joy as he watched the enthusiastic glow upon her face. "Now that I know what you feel I value my seat incomparably more than I did before. So you really think that your father's objections are at an end?"

"I feel no doubt of that. You should have seen his face when he first heard of your candidature—though he did not think you would succeed. When he saw that you had got in, and by such a majority, he was as proud and pleased as if he had won the Election himself."

"And whose idea was it to ask me down here?"

"His own entirely. He wrote the very day the news came, and without a word to me."

"But you were not sorry?"

"No; because I wanted to see you. There are things which can't be explained well by letter."

"What do you want explained?"

"Well," she replied gravely, her colour rising as she spoke, "I want to know for one thing why they seemed so particular about your religion. Surely there are Catholic M.P.'s?"

"Certainly, dear, but they are chiefly elected by Irish constituencies. There are a few English members too, but very few; and their election is generally due to local reasons, or to the peculiar position of the man himself."

She was silent, so he went on.

"For instance, there is at least one division of Liverpool where a Catholic would have a good chance, because many of

the voters are Catholics ; and the son or brother of some great peer could carry the seat in the neighbourhood of the family estate, no matter what his religion was."

"Yes, yes, that's clear enough ; but do you mean to say that a man in all other ways fit to represent a place, would be defeated if he was a Catholic ?"

"In all probability, if it were known."

"Is that fair ?"

"Certainly not. It is the very height of absurdity, but it is nevertheless the fact."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Sir Richard, who proposed a walk in the park before dinner, and somehow Gertrude, though she accompanied them, did not seem inclined to pursue the conversation while her father was present. This was the more noticeable because the Baronet spoke continuously of the religious difficulty at the late Election, forcing Ronald to describe the incidents in their fullest detail, and making him rehearse more than once the reply he had made to the Committee as well as his speech to the constituents.

All this time Gertrude, though listening eagerly to every word, walked on in silence, her face grave and somewhat troubled.

The rest of the evening passed off without any particular incident, and without Ronald having any opportunity of a private conversation with Gertrude. There were several guests invited to dinner to meet the new M.P. The rector and his wife, the doctor, and a neighbouring squire with his family, all of whom were agreeable people enough. But to Ronald their company was anything but acceptable, as it prevented him exchanging more than a few commonplace words with Gertrude.

Ronald had perceived that she had by no means said all that she wished on the previous evening. As she put it, "There are many things which cannot be explained by letter," and there could be little doubt that most of these things had reference to himself. Thus it was with more pleasure than surprise that he heard Gertrude propose a walk as soon as breakfast was over next morning. Sir Richard was always busy at that time with his correspondence, and the young couple had every chance of an undisturbed talk.

Their *tête-à-tête* was still less likely to be interrupted owing to the place which Gertrude chose for its scene,—a small grassy

glade surrounded by trees and protected from the sun's heat, yet commanding a view of the lake at some distance below, and of the open landscape beyond the boundaries of the park.

"Let's make ourselves comfortable before we begin to talk," said Gertrude, "by which, of course, I mean that I am going to get my work out, and that you are to light your pipe."

"An excellent suggestion, though not very complimentary. You are going to *work* while my efforts end in smoke!"

"Not only that," she replied rather gravely, "you must listen as well."

"Listen? I thought you were going to do that."

She was silent for a minute, and a look of care was on her face.

"It is a year since papa refused to let you——"

"To let us become engaged? Yes."

"Well, Ronald, a year changes people."

"Of course it does, or I should not have been asked down here again. It has changed me into a Member of Parliament."

"Yes, I know," said Gertrude, gravely, "but it has made other changes too. I hate giving you pain, Ronald, but it has—well dear, it has changed me too."

"Good Heavens, Gertrude," cried the young man, starting to his feet, "what do you mean? Tell me the worst at once. Have you left off caring for me? Is there any one else?"

"No, no, not that. Sit down again and let me tell you quietly. It's not easy to explain, but don't make it more difficult."

"What is there to explain? Well, I won't interrupt you again if I can help it," and with a great effort he forced himself to sit down once more on the grass by Gertrude's side.

The young girl remained silent for a few moments, her eyes fixed upon the distant view, her needlework in her hand.

"I have been in Italy, Ronald, since you were here—in Rome," she said at last.

"Yes, I know," he replied, recalling his passing glance of her face at Botzen station.

"Well, nobody who thinks at all can spend a month in Rome and remain quite the same person. And its effect upon me has been stupendous. You have not been shut in all your life at Pine Court, Ronald, with little to feed your soul upon except a string of platitudes or unproved assertions mouthed out once a week from a pulpit. This has been my chief mental

or spiritual food since I was a child. True, I had the Bible, but that of course I could read at home. Then suddenly I was plunged into the very centre and soul of religious and spiritual life; suddenly I was surrounded by real, primitive, fervent Christianity. At first it was so bewildering that I could not take it in. It was weeks before I could make it part of myself. It was beautiful beyond all words, nay, it was far beyond what I could have conceived to be possible; but it was all outside me, and my own soul seemed to have nothing to do with it. But gradually it came home to me; it became something which belonged to me; it was *Life*—yes I saw *that* from the very first, but then I came to realize that it was *my Life*; and then——” She paused a moment; but Ronald, listening with fixed jaw and knitted brows, his eyes gazing straight before him, made no sign of interrupting her.

“Then,” she continued with a deep sigh, “I came back here—back to this church, to dear old Mr. Nelson, with his ‘views’ and his vacuous discourse, and the whole paraphernalia of dreary Protestantism; the Communion Service, which is a kind of skeleton of the Mass, dry bones, lifeless; no dogma, or what little there is resting on nothing but some clergyman’s opinion; no support in sorrow, no light in darkness—nothing. Oh, Ronald, I can’t explain. I can’t describe what I have suffered since I came back here after that one month during which I saw what Christianity really is.”

“So you have become a Catholic?” said Ronald, gently.

“Not yet. But soon I hope to be. I know now that I cannot live without it. Until I saw Protestantism again, first in its ritualistic garb in London as we passed through, then in its unclothed form in this church here, I did not realize how starved and miserable I was. But there is much to do before I can enter the Church. As yet I have said nothing to my father. But you, of course, have the first right to know of the tremendous change that has come to me.”

“Has it made you happy, dear?” he asked.

“Oh, happiness does not describe what I feel. It is simply *life*. I can give you no real idea what it is. But have I pained you, Ronald, by saying what I have about the Church of England?”

“No, no,” he replied, with rather a sad smile. “Say all you will. I am not concerned to defend the Church of England. But now, dearest, tell me how all this change in you affects——”

"Ah, of course. I was coming to that. Ronald, a long time ago, oh, long before I ever thought of being a Catholic, I read somewhere that every convert has to go through some sort of trial."

"Well?"

"And I think I see what mine is to be."

"What do you mean, Gertrude?" asked Ronald, his face losing colour.

"Well, dear, a year ago papa would not let us be engaged because he said you had no position. You know how little I cared about that. It was you to whom my heart was given, not to your position. But now you have got this seat in Parliament by disclaiming any connection with what I love and value more than life. It is no fault of mine, Ronald, but I cannot begin my life as a Catholic by marrying a Protestant."

"Why do you say so, Gertrude?" cried Ronald in a choked voice. "Be a Catholic if you will, a hundred times over. It can make no difference to our love. You are as dear to me as ever, nay, dearer, for your change of religion shows me that you are not afraid of doing right. There is no kind of reason, dearest, why it should interfere with our happiness."

"Let me explain, Ronald," Gertrude broke in. "Oh, I wish I could make you see it as I do, but that is impossible, of course. If you did, you would be a Catholic too. But I cannot—I simply cannot begin my Catholic life by making a mixed marriage. Oh, why is duty always so hard?" cried the poor girl, her eyes filling with tears.

"Nay, dear one," said Ronald, pressing her hand. "I understand what you mean; but I am certain that you exaggerate your duty. I know that Catholics dislike mixed marriages, especially when the husband is Protestant. But why? Because they fear that the wife will not have liberty to practise her religion, that she may be forced to take part in Protestant worship, that her children will not be brought up in her own faith. Am I not right?"

"Yes, dear; but that is only part of what Catholics feel when they condemn mixed marriages. There are innumerable daily, nay, hourly frictions, want of sympathies between those who are in the Church and those who are outside her pale. Even friends become estranged through the inevitable difference of standpoint from which Catholics and Protestants regard life. Their habits of thought, their sympathies, their aims, their

aspirations, their ideals—all these and a hundred other things which make up daily life, are as far asunder as the poles. And if all this lessens friendship, as it certainly does, what must we think of the prospect when two people of such diametrically opposite dispositions enter the married state? Where would be the union of soul and mind? It would simply not exist."

To say that Gertrude's words were painful to Ronald would only faintly describe their effect. They seemed to pierce his very heart and fill it with bitterness. This then was the punishment, swift and prompt, which his cowardice had brought upon him. To gain his end he had publicly disavowed the religion which his conscience told him was true, and by that very act he had robbed himself of the treasure for which he had striven. But for his public declaration he could now have avowed to Gertrude that between himself and her there was no such obstacle as she feared. He could have candidly declared that he himself was a Catholic if he was anything, that it was mere sloth, worldliness, and lapsed resolution which had prevented him following the dictates of his conscience; that her example had reminded him of his duty, and that, on the threshold of her Catholic life, she should be joined by a Catholic husband.

But, as things stood, how was he to acknowledge the truth? Would she not despise him? Would she not discover in his very avowal a fresh and even more insurmountable obstacle to their union?

She was silent now, and something he must say—something in his assumed character of a Protestant, though every word he so uttered made him loathe and despise himself more.

"Since when have you felt thus?" he asked.

"From the moment that I began to realize the truth of the Catholic Church, and still more deeply since you publicly proclaimed that you were no Catholic—though for this, of course, I am not blaming you," she added, hastily, seeing the look of misery that came upon his face, though she little guessed its cause. "To one who is not a Catholic the sacrifice I am making is meaningless; but believe me, Ronald, it *is* a sacrifice. As I said just now, every convert is called upon to give up something. I see now what that means."

"To give up something!" exclaimed Ronald, leaping to his feet, and pacing to and fro, now gazing angrily at Gertrude, now turning his back on her. "To give up something may be

a duty, of course. But can it be a duty to strike down a fellow-creature, to blight his life, to be false to your most solemn promises? Can it be a duty, can it be right—rather, is it not a great sin—to go back from your word, to leave me desolate, alone and miserable, in order that you may indulge in the luxury of self-inflicted penance? This ‘sacrifice’ of yours—what is it offered to? Your own wilfulness. If I were one of those senseless bigots who would keep their wives from Mass and the practice of religion—then indeed you would be right. But Gertrude, dear Gertrude,” he went on in a softened tone, as though ashamed of his anger, and with something of a sob in his voice, “as things are, can you not see that you would be wrong, and cruelly wrong, to break off your engagement?”

He had sat down by her side once more as he spoke the last few words, and as he waited for her answer he gazed with wistful, piteous longing into her tear-stained face. As for her, she knew that she must not turn her eyes to his. The conflict within her was too strong for that. She could only fix her looks steadily upon the distant view, while every power of her soul was crying out to God to make her strong. Had she seen that face of sorrowful pleading, those eyes into which the tears were ready to spring, she could not have counted upon victory. Her only hope was to steel her heart, to turn resolutely away and commit her cause to God.

“No, Ronald,” she said, at length, though scarcely above a whisper, “I am right and not wrong. This absence of bigotry, as you call it, is simply another name for religious indifference. You want to gain your object, and to gain it you are willing to sacrifice everything else. But there is no use blinking the truth, or being afraid of words, and I must speak out plainly. Suppose we did marry, and suppose God gave us children—well, if I asked you now, you would say that I should have full liberty to bring them up Catholics——”

“Undoubtedly,” interrupted Ronald, eagerly.

“That you would never do any act or utter any word which could disturb their faith?”

“Never. I swear it, Gertrude.”

“Wait. We are young now. But as life goes on you will see things differently.”

“Never. On this point at least I will never change.”

“So you think. But supposing death was near. What then? Could you face it with the knowledge that to gain me for your

wife you had suffered the souls of your children to be brought up in a faith that you believed to be false?"

What could he say? Was ever man in a worse dilemma?

"If you have a conscience, Ronald, and I know you have, you will *fear* it, and when it speaks, though its dictates be mistaken, you will obey it. Then you will make use of your legal right to deprive your children of their faith, to separate them from Catholic influences, to estrange them from me."

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude," cried Ronald in his agony, "what can I say? Your words stab me, though I know them to be false. Oh, if I could only show you how utterly baseless your fears are!"

"And you do not believe that I too am suffering, Ronald? Do not make my duty harder than it is. You spoke just now of the luxury of sacrifice. God knows," she said, solemnly, "it is the cruellest torture."

"Dearest love, it is self-inflicted. Let me swear by God, whom we both revere and love, that as your husband I will give you a liberty as full and complete as though we shared the same faith."

"I know you mean it, dear," said Gertrude, taking the hand that he held out, "but it does not change my duty."

"And all through that accursed meddler up at Fairdale I am to be deprived of my life's happiness. I tell you, Gertrude, that I will not submit to it. I will throw up this seat in Parliament and become a Catholic too."

"Oh, Ronald, do not talk like that! What? Profane God's Truth by an outward adherence to it, in order to gain me for your wife? Such an act as that would indeed separate us for ever. And then you forget that your seat in Parliament was what gained us my father's consent."

"Which is now worth nothing, and worse than nothing, since it only mocks me. What is the use of getting rid of one obstacle at great labour and by a rare stroke of fortune, if you create another? Oh, Gertrude, think of it again. Consult someone whom you trust—some priest if you will. He will tell you that a promise to marry is not a light thing to be broken for a mere caprice, a wretched phantom."

"He will tell me, Ronald, that circumstances have so changed since my promise was given (though that promise was a mere implied one) that I have a right to reconsider it. That right I look upon as a *duty*. What it costs me you can never realize.

I grieve for you, Ronald, as well as for myself. For God's sake leave me now. But remember that you alone know of my intention to be a Catholic. My father must be told, of course, but he must hear it from myself."

Ronald could not utter another word. He could not stay near her. The very sight of that face which he so dearly loved maddened him, now that this ruthless and insurmountable barrier had unexpectedly risen up between them.

With a hurried pressure of her hand he left her and made his way rapidly to the house. On arriving there he inquired for his host. He was not altogether sorry when the servant told him Sir Richard was out, and might not return until luncheon.

The young M.P. sat down, wrote a short letter to the Baronet, explaining that he was unexpectedly obliged to leave Pine Court, and regretting that he was unable to thank his host for his kindness and wish him farewell.

Half an hour later he was on his way to the station—this time on foot. Every turn in the road reminded him of what he had lost, every glance of the landscape recalled the joy with which he had gazed upon it a few hours ago, in bitter contrast to his present misery.

From the village he sent a fly to Pine Court to fetch his portmanteau, and an hour or so later he was being carried up to London.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST SESSION.

AT his club that evening Ronald found something to divert it not to solace his mind. This was a note from the K.C. with whom he had read law, congratulating him on his election, and asking to be allowed to propose his name at the Carlton Club.

No sooner had he written and closed his reply, than a new and strange thing happened. It was so utterly unlooked for and at the same time so gratifying that at first it quite robbed him of his composure. For as he finished putting the address on his friend's letter, a tall, grey-whiskered gentleman, with a lofty brow and a benevolent mouth, came up to the writing-table.

"Mr. Dare," he said, "will you allow me to congratulate you

on your success? I hope you will sit many years in the House of Commons. We want such men as you badly. You made a very good fight, I hear."

Ronald's face flushed with keen pleasure, for he at once recognized the well-known features of a prominent member of the Cabinet, Mr. Dacres.

"You are very kind, sir," said the young M.P., "and I am very much obliged to you. But as to the contest, I believe there is not much chance up at Fairdale for a Liberal."

"Ah, perhaps not as a rule, for of course Sir Christopher Foote has much influence in Fairdale—as indeed he well deserves to have. Still, you had a very strong opponent in Lord Democrite. That was a nasty trick they played you, trying to prejudice the electors by making out that you were a Papist. Still, you were able to meet that charge, eh?"

"My father was a Catholic, Mr. Dacres," replied Ronald, with an effort, "and of course he sent me to a Catholic school. That no doubt gave colour to the report about myself."

"Oh, ah, yes, to be sure. Well, we can't always be what our fathers were, can we? By the way, Mr. Dare, I was going to say that if you have not got an introducer, I shall be very glad to act myself. No doubt you can find someone else to support you?"

"This is most kind of you, Mr. Dacres. It will be a great privilege for me to walk up the House in such distinguished company," said Dare, feeling all the time that his words were sententious, and rather ridiculous, and yet unable to think of anything better on the spur of the moment.

A few club acquaintances came up to him after this, shaking hands, and speaking about the subject which of all others he now loathed.

"Glad you're in, Dare," said a young fellow who had just been defeated in a big Midland town. "I wish I could have been heckled about my religion as you were."

"Why?" inquired Dare, wishing the man at Jericho.

"Why? Well, it's easy enough to say what you're *not*, as you did. But I was asked all sorts of thorny questions about Trades Unions and hours in factories, and then came this beastly Irish Bill that Sowerby's upset the country with. I don't believe anybody likes it. And at the end of all the heckling, hang it all if I did not get chucked."

"Only by a majority of two," chimed in a man who had not yet spoken—a stranger to Dare.

"Well, that's as good as fifty, isn't it?"

"Not a bit," replied Ronald. "I should insist on a recount or something."

"No," said the defeated candidate. "I've had enough of it now. But I wish they'd asked me whether I was a Papist, that's all."

"Perhaps they would if they'd thought of it," said Ronald; "but the puzzle to me is why they should bother to ask any one. What difference does it make to them?"

"Oh, it's only a convenient way of making faddists and bigots vote the other way," said the third speaker, as he threw himself lazily into a chair and opened a paper. But Ronald had had enough of this kind of talk, and he sought out a little cosy smoking-room which he knew to be generally empty at that hour, and finding himself alone, he sat down to think. The flutter of excitement and pleasure caused by Mr. Dacre's friendly greeting had been dissipated by the conversation of the men he had just left.

"Why must they always harp upon that one miserable string? Everybody I speak to fastens upon that wretched topic. Not a soul has spoken of anything else since I left Fairdale—Sir Richard, Gertrude, Dacres, and then those empty-headed prattlers downstairs. The very air is full of it. Ah dear! I wonder if any Member of Parliament ever bought his seat at such a price before?"

And then followed the weary train of thought which had harassed him ever since he left Gertrude that morning. Of course the blow which she had dealt him was incomparably more crushing than that which he had suffered by Sir Richard's refusal a year before. Indeed, the case now seemed irremediable. In combating Gertrude's arguments his hands had been tied, and his own folly and cowardice had tied them. The only words which could have borne weight with her—the declaration that he was himself a Catholic—were now impossible to utter, for had he not publicly proclaimed to his constituents that he was nothing of the kind? And thus he had been forced into weak declamations and wordy promises, which, as Gertrude had mercilessly shown, bound him to nothing at all, and provided her with no kind of security.

To realize the fulness of Ronald's sufferings, it must be remembered that Gertrude knew nothing of the real state of the case. She had merely read in the *Times* a meagre and

undetailed report of his speech. The whole incident had been despatched in a short paragraph. "Mr. Dare, on being asked whether the rumour that he was a Roman Catholic was true, denied that it had any foundation in fact." That was all, though other papers had made more of the incident, and had thus set people who knew Ronald talking about it.

Thus Gertrude had spoken to him of her conversion as she might have done to any ordinary Protestant, and how could he explain that his promises to her were not merely sincere, which she already believed, but that they were founded upon something a great deal more stable than she imagined? In promising that his children should be Catholics, he meant that they should belong to the religion which he knew in his heart to be true. It was the utter impossibility of explaining to Gertrude that she possessed this immense security, this impregnable guarantee, that added unspeakably to his pain.

What would Gertrude think of him if he told her that his public denial of faith had been a reproach and a rebuke to his soul ever since? In what light would she, who was so single-minded, regard him, if she was told that his assertion that he was no Catholic was nothing more than a convenient and time-serving acknowledgment that he was utterly undeserving of the name? It was true indeed that many years of neglect had so lulled his soul to sleep that he had never given the matter a thought, and in all probability he would have continued in this fatal sleep but for the fact that the question of his religion was raised. Then he was brought suddenly and abruptly face to face with the dreadful alternative—confession or denial. There was no letting it slip, and saying and thinking nothing about it. Then and there, under the eyes of unsympathetic strangers, he was forced to declare whether he professed the faith of a Catholic or whether he denied it. Had he been true to himself, the answer would have been: "I *ought* to be a Catholic, but for years I have not practised my religion, and thus I have put myself outside the Church. Thus no one can call me a Catholic, and it is strictly true to say that I am not one; but if I did what I cannot deny that I *ought*, I should by that very act be making myself a Catholic again."

Of course he could say nothing of all this before the Fairdale audience; and instead of doing so, he had deceived his questioners and had tried all in vain to hoodwink himself by such a wretched, quibbling sophism as this:

"No one who gives up the practices of the Catholic religion is a Catholic. I have given them up: therefore I am not a Catholic."

He deceived the electors and secured his seat. He deceived Gertrude and forfeited his wife.

His conscience tortured him for his sin, and his reason told him that that sin had been useless, for his pride prevented him from so much as hinting to Gertrude that the gulf between them was at least passable. And thus did Ronald spend a miserable hour. Sometimes he walked impatiently up and down the room. Then he would throw himself into a chair, muttering imprecations on the "mischievous booby" who had raised this question and caused all this misery. So keen did his unhappiness become at last, so ready did he feel to sacrifice every earthly hope and ambition for the sake of winning Gertrude once more, that he almost resolved to declare himself a Catholic, publicly and without fear; but then he remembered, with a pang, that this step would deprive him of his sole claim upon Sir Richard's favour; for it was only as a Member of Parliament that the Baronet would receive him for a son-in-law; and after all that had occurred, no honourable man would speak to him if, as an avowed Catholic, he should retain his seat. Here was a pretty dilemma, and on one or other of its horns, Ronald Dare saw clearly that he must now be hopelessly impaled.

Still public events moved on in spite of private and hidden miseries, and Ronald Dare, as Member for Fairdale, was forced to take part in them.

Like the wise man that he was, in some aspects at least, he had resolved to hold his tongue during his first session. On the opening day he had walked up to the table between Mr. Dacres and a private member. Mr. Dacres had minimized the probable effects of his kindness in offering to act sponsor to the new M.P., but these were more far-reaching than Dare himself had ventured to hope

No sooner had he taken the oath, shaken hands with the Speaker and signed the Roll, than he was stopped on his way to his seat by no less a personage than Mr. Sowerby himself. The Prime Minister leant forward and whispered a few honeyed words, such as none understood better than himself how to utter, at the same time laying his hand upon Dare's.

The young man had scarcely recovered from his embarrassment when the little incident was over; and as he took his seat

he cursed his want of readiness which had prevented his doing more than stammer a few words of acknowledgment.

As he glanced up he saw the Prime Minister whispering to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "No doubt," thought Dare, bitterly, "he is telling the Chancellor what a wooden-headed ass they have as their supporter."

What the Premier really said was—"That's a clever young man, Dacres tells me; he'll make his mark." And by the time Dare had recovered his breath the two Ministers were deep in some totally different subject.

It took Ronald some weeks to become accustomed to the forms of the House, and at first he was disappointed at the great proportion of dull hours over those that were lively. Never before had he realized that genuine solid dulness could be carried to so portentous and heroic a degree. There were two or three Members whose very faces he learned to dread. Time could not change nor custom stale their infinite, inexpressible prosiness. Hour after hour their words would dribble out upon ears which positively ached with fatigue; land-tenure, the housing of the poor, finance, foreign politics, every topic on which these rapid bores expatiated like wound-up talking-machines, was clothed and clogged with dreariness unspeakable, until it became a puzzle to Dare, as no doubt it has been to many another suffering listener, how these men contrived to get any constituency to elect them.

"Perhaps," he thought, one evening as this question presented itself, "it is the only way by which the unhappy electors can rid themselves of their presence for a few months."

But there came nights which more than counterbalanced these purgatorial hours. Nights when the air was electrical with approaching battle; when every bench was crammed and every face eagerly turned towards the Treasury Bench, and when questions to Ministers were hurried over amid murmurs of impatience which were like the growl of distant thunder heralding a storm.

Then, amid a silence that could be felt, the Speaker would call upon the Clerk to read the Orders of the Day, and then would the storm begin. Of course the Irish Bill was the occasion of one of these battles, and for many days Ronald had looked forward to the great two-nights' debate that was at hand. But this eventful time was destined to be not merely interesting, but momentous to the Member for Fairdale. On the very day

before the debate was to begin he was accosted as he was leaving the House by one of the Government Whips.

"Good evening, Mr. Dare," said this great man. "Glad I caught you in time. Sowerby wants you to speak the day after to-morrow."

"Really, Mr. Napier, I am not prepared. I had no intention of speaking at all this session. It's my first, you know."

"Ah, yes, that's a good rule, of course; but this must be an exception. You see we were counting upon Fraser, but he's in the doctor's hands and they won't let him come; it's Mr. Sowerby himself who chose you to take his place, and Mr. Dacres too wants you to speak. So I can count upon you, can't I, Mr. Dare?"

Of course Ronald told Mr. Napier that he might count upon him, though even as he thus committed himself, his knees began to tremble with anticipation of terror.

"But after all what have I to be afraid of?" he thought, as he walked up to the club. "I've spoken in public before, more times than I can count, and up at Fairdale I did pretty well. Besides, I've studied this Bill, and have the *pros* and *cons* at my fingers' ends."

And yet, as he well knew, there is something about the House of Commons which makes it more formidable than any other audience in the world. If the hum of conversation makes the young orator inaudible, the appalling disregard of his efforts is more humiliating than the most active opposition; while to a young speaker an attentive House is scarcely less embarrassing. Still the thing had to be done somehow. Mr. Napier had told him that he was to speak, on the last night of the great debate, and speak he must—if possible well, if not badly. But Ronald determined that his speech should not be bad, and for many an hour that night he sat at his writing-table jotting down notes and phrases as they occurred to him, and picturing to himself their probable effect in the House. When he had filled two pages of foolscap with these productions of his brain he read them over calmly, and then he acknowledged that nothing could well be more *banal*, common-place, flat, and lifeless. So much for the phrases and apothegms. The more solid arguments were no better. To each one he saw at least half a dozen obvious replies. Indeed, when between two and three in the morning he rose from his table with an aching head, he seemed to realize all the objections to the Government scheme,

and none of its advantages. He tore up his "notes" impatiently, and seized a sheet of paper to write a letter to Napier declaring that the task was too much for him.

But the light of morning brought calmer thoughts. The nocturnal cobwebs were dissipated, and he was ashamed of last night's cowardice.

He no longer lived in his Temple chambers. Since his election he had taken a set of rooms near the Marble Arch, looking over the Park, and as he stood at the open window waiting for his breakfast, the cool air of late autumn and the sight of one or two riders taking their morning canter refreshed and exhilarated him.

He determined to clear his brain and stimulate his thoughts by a long country walk. Immediately after breakfast he set out, took a train at Victoria, and half an hour later found himself surrounded by gorse from which the white frost of the night had not wholly disappeared. There was a sharpness in the air which made quick walking delightful, though the sun prevented it from being cold. Over commons and between hedgerows Ronald tramped on, drinking in the pure Kentish air and feeling that it was good to live. For two hours he trudged on thus, careless of his direction, forgetful of everything except the beauty of nature, until a healthy appetite made him glad at the sight of an old-fashioned inn, where, in a sanded parlour, he did justice to a simple meal of bread and cheese.

"This is worth all the dinner-parties in London," he reflected, as, pipe in hand, he strolled into the old-fashioned garden, to sun himself for awhile among the autumn flowers.

As he sat on a rustic chair beneath a gnarled oak, his thoughts reverted to the House of Commons. But his tremor and anxiety were gone. His walk had dissipated them. In their place came long trains of bright ideas, metaphors, illustrations, cutting irony and merciless logic. As if by magic he seemed to see clearly the most convincing replies to the stock Opposition arguments, and these replies clothed themselves in language which quite startled Ronald by its brilliance. If only he could be in this mood on the evening of the following day all would be well and more than well. If only the House in its battle array did not overwhelm his nerves and paralyze his tongue and numb his brain, he thought that he could justify Sowerby's flattering choice.

He returned to town in good spirits, dined at his club, looked in at the House, and spent a couple of hours before retiring to rest in committing to paper the well-turned phrases which the Kentish air had inspired. On the whole this had been the happiest day Ronald had spent since that miserable incident at Fairdale.

Except as an occasional uncomfortable twinge, he had scarcely remembered his two great causes of unhappiness; or perhaps it would be truer to say that he had not fully adverted to them, for never during his waking hours was he entirely free from their darkening influence.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAIDEN SPEECH.

PRIMED though he was with argument and fortified with iron resolves on the night of his first speech, Ronald could hear his heart thumping like a sledge-hammer as he took his usual seat some way behind the Treasury Bench. From that seat, as he knew, he would not again rise until, at the pre-arranged moment, he should catch the Speaker's eye, and hear his name called. Never before had he realized what true paralyzing fright was like. He wished the Questions to Ministers would last for ever, that some political cataclysm, anything, he cared not what, would intervene between him and his speech. Now he once more envied his friend, Reginald Foote, only with incomparably greater eagerness than before. How wise Reginald had been to stick to bucolic pursuits, where such ordeals as this were unknown. If only he could run away or be taken ill or something!

But the dreaded moment came at last, and Ronald was on his legs. For the first few seconds he stood, unable to utter a word, his heart beating against his throat, and the Speaker apparently dancing about in his big chair.

At last he gasped out a few words which were inaudible. But gradually he found his voice; then one or two whole sentences were uttered, and a "hear, hear" from someone in the back benches gave him new courage. His breaths grew longer, he ceased to tremble, he was warming to his work.

An absurd fallacy to which one of the Opposition, a Mr. Blenkinsop, had committed himself, suddenly occurred to his mind. Ronald fastened upon it, tore it to tatters and flung it contemptuously to the four winds. So far nothing could have been better. His party shouted their admiration and approval, and Ronald, seeing that he had the ear of the House, attempted something more in the same style. He launched out into what he meant to be a bitter philippic of scorn and sarcasm. But somehow his vein of humour was exhausted; he became confused; he forgot the point of a sentence in which he had embarked; he stammered, repeated himself, and then in the midst of profound silence he came to a dead stop. Still he would not sit down. To do so now required more courage than to stand—horrible as that standing was.

With a great effort he forced out a short sentence about the real subject of debate. The words were awkwardly chosen and would scarcely have borne grammatical analysis, but even so they were better than silence. But the House, which had been laughing a few moments before at his witty invective, saw in a moment that the fun was over. So long as he was amusing he had an attentive audience, but now he threatened to be dull. No one cared a button for Ronald's opinions on the Irish Bill, and as he tried to express them there arose a hum of conversation almost loud enough to drown his voice.

He ought to have been prepared for this, and in a certain sense he was. But it disconcerted him. He could have borne anything better. Silence would scarcely have discouraged him, while angry interruptions would have spurred him on. But that brain-paralyzing hum was too much for him. He tried another sentence,—a sentence which had seemed so effective when he concocted it in the garden of the little inn down in Kent. But now it fell flat. He felt as if he were fighting a haystack. No one was listening. A few members who were not talking had tilted their hats over their eyes and appeared to sleep; others leant back and yawned; others again consulted their watches, and then strolled quietly out of the House.

Ronald, burning with a sense of failure and defeat, succumbed at last, and sinking back on to the bench, sat for the next hour without moving. Then, ashamed to face any of his fellow-members, he slipped out as quietly as he could, hoping that he might disappear unobserved. He ground his teeth with rage and disappointment as he left the precincts of the House.

He had failed. So at least he thought, and failed too when success would have done him so much good. Never again would Sowerby send Napier to engage him; he had been tried and found wanting; a golden opportunity had been held out to him and it had eluded his grasp. He managed to escape without encountering any one whom he knew; but the policeman who saluted him as he passed out seemed, to his suspicious eyes, to be hiding a grin of contempt.

As he walked hurriedly up Parliament Street into the Strand, anxious only to put as great a distance as possible between himself and the House, his mind became filled with telling, pungent words which he might have used. With a groan of misery and disappointment he forced himself to think of other things. With this object in view he was standing gazing into a large picture shop, when he was startled by feeling a hand laid on his shoulder. He turned quickly, almost impatiently round, and to his great surprise saw that it was the hand of Mr. Dacres. There was a kind smile on the Minister's face and an expression that was almost fatherly as he looked at the young M.P.

"I am very glad I have met you, Mr. Dare," he said. "I was in the House when you spoke."

"I wish you had been anywhere else," replied Ronald, ruefully. "I disgraced myself."

"Not one bit," said Dacres, taking the young man's arm and walking along with him. "If you had heard as many maiden speeches as I have, you would know that you did unusually well. Indeed, I do not know when I have heard a young member make such a sensation with his first attempt as you did at the beginning. It's true that Blenkinsop is a very vast donkey, and that he delivered himself into your hands, but you made a fool of him very neatly, and the House was delighted, as you must have seen. The little bit of floundering that befell you afterwards will do you no harm. To begin with, no one was listening."

"So I saw," exclaimed Ronald, angrily.

"Ah, but you mustn't mind that. They were getting tired, and that fatal dinner-hour was drawing near. By the way, where are you dining to-night?"

"Nowhere—anywhere. I had not thought of it."

"Well, then, come and dine with me at the Carlton."

Then, as Dare hesitated, he continued :

"Yes, do. I know what you are thinking—that you will meet people who heard your speech, and you are shy, because you think you made a failure. Am I not right?"

"Well, perhaps I——"

"Exactly. Well, then, come and break the ice. You can't do it better than under the wing of a Cabinet Minister," said Dacres, laughing. "As long as he's in office his opinion is taken as gospel. So let them see you dining with me, and that will show them that I do not think you failed. Here's a hansom. Come along."

Most of those whom Ronald met that evening at the Carlton were Members of Parliament, and all but one or two who were fresh from bye-elections had been through the ordeal of a maiden speech.

As such efforts go, Ronald's had been by no means bad, and there was no reason on earth why its author should have been ashamed of it. Still, as we know, he was smarting under a sense of failure, and unless Mr. Dacres had almost dragged him into the club, he would assuredly have given its portals a wide berth on that evening at all events. As it was, he found nothing to regret. He ate his dinner in peace under the wing of the Cabinet Minister, and no doubt he was looked at by more than one young man with eyes of envy.

In the smoking-room Mr. Dacres consumed one cigar, and in the course of it he fell into a more or less confidential tone with his young *protégé*.

"I was rather anxious to see you to-day, but it was a mere bit of luck I came across you when I did. I always try to get a bit of a walk before dinner, especially when the House is to sit till the small hours as it will to-night, and I often go to that very picture shop where I found you, to see if they have anything new. Do you know your speech to-night and your face of misery when you sat down, carried me back many years."

"Indeed! How was that, Mr. Dacres?"

The Minister paused a moment, apparently absorbed in some memory of the past.

"Yes," he continued, with a sigh, "it must be forty years ago—dear, dear, so it is; forty years is a long time, Mr. Dare, a big slice out of a man's life."

"You have made good use of it," said Dare.

"Ah, well, it might have been worse and it might have been

better. But forty years ago I stood up in the House, close to the spot where you stood to-day, and there I made, or rather I tried to make, my maiden speech. I will not tell you what it was like; neither can I tell you what I suffered. But I should never have dared to enter the House again if it had not been for one man. He was a prominent Minister in his time. He is dead now; indeed, he died many years ago, but I owe him a debt of gratitude such as I can never forget. He encouraged me to try again. He told me many things, too, about the House of Commons that it would have taken me years to learn for myself. Then he gradually instilled new courage into me. He showed me how unmanly it was to be foiled by a first attempt, and he ended by making me promise to practise speaking by myself, so as to secure readiness; and to speak in the House, if only a few words, on any subject that interested me. When I saw your face of misery this evening, it made me think of that terrible day forty years ago, and I felt that I would, at the risk of offending you, try what I could do to show you that what you thought was failure was in reality nothing of the kind; or that what failure there was, was remediable."

"I have done nothing to deserve such kindness, Mr. Dacres," said Ronald, much moved, "and far from being offended, I am deeply indebted to you. And now, what do you advise?"

"Ah. I was coming to that. Well, you have done plenty of speech-making already, I believe; so it is not practice that you want. All that you need is confidence; therefore I will urge you to follow the latter part of my friend's advice. Speak often. Not perhaps in this Session, but certainly in the next. And now I must be off to the House. No doubt you will be coming later?"

"Of course I shall be at the division, and indeed I do not see why I should not accompany you. Are you walking, Mr. Dacres?"

"Oh, yes, I nearly always walk on fine nights."

As the two men descended the steps near the Duke of York's monument, Dacres, who had been silent since he left the club, began to speak of the Irish Bill and its chances.

"I think the majority will be anything between 17 and 25."

"Certainly that, even without the Irish vote," replied Ronald.

"Well, we can never be quite sure in a measure of this kind. Almost anything may happen. But Napier seems pretty

confident. Still, there are some strong speakers on the Opposition side."

"Do you believe, Mr. Dacres, that people are much influenced by speeches?" asked Ronald.

"As a rule, no. I think members make up their minds beforehand and they vote accordingly. But I remember one very remarkable instance where a Conservative who went down to the House to vote with his party was so carried away by a speaker on the other side that he voted Liberal. The Whip was half-crazy of course. It was a case where every vote was of importance. That is the only instance that I ever knew of a speech in the House converting an enemy into a friend. And he did not remain friendly long. I met him the next day, and his anger against the speaker who had made him vote wrong was really ludicrous to witness," continued Mr. Dacres, laughing.

"And who was the speaker?" asked Dare.

"Gladstone," replied Dacres, as the two men entered the House.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Evolution of Imagination.

As we all know, the scientific use of the imagination is held to be an important factor in modern methods of research, but it will hardly be denied that there is an unscientific use as well, and there appears to be danger lest this latter should come to be the more prevalent. It is no doubt an interesting and even fascinating exercise to speculate upon the causes of what we see in nature and the processes through which things have arrived at their present condition, but its very attractiveness constitutes a serious peril. An ingenious and plausible theory easily captivates its creator, though he be the most serious of investigators, so as to make him far more anxious to make a good case for his bantling, than to ask with judicial impartiality what the facts which he encounters really signify. Of this danger all must be aware who have ever, in however humble a degree, originated an idea of their own. But with a certain class of "scientists," whose numbers it is to be feared are rapidly growing, to devise theories is taken to be the all-important thing, and they appear to go on the principle that a theory once stated is by that very fact well on the way to being established, and may be confidently put forth for the benefit of an enlightened public in explanation of whatever appears puzzling.

A remarkable instance was afforded the other day by a "scientific" contributor to one of our daily papers,¹ who furnishes it with columns of "Nature Notes." On this particular occasion his theme was the mimicries observed in various instances of insects by flowers. There is, for example, the well-known "Bee Orchis," or more properly, "Bee Ophrys," the blossoms of which imitate bees with a fidelity which is positively uncanny. But the difficulty is to discover, or even to imagine, any advantage

¹ *Daily Graphic*, July 23, 1904.

which such imitation brings to the plant, and which may therefore be supposed to account for its production in the course of that struggle for existence which is made responsible for so much. When an insect is found artistically coloured so as to be indistinguishable from a withered leaf or a piece of bark, it is assumed that the protection thus afforded from the prying eyes of birds or other enemies, satisfactorily explains everything; or again, if the members of a tribe of butterflies which birds find good to eat are coloured after the model of others of nauseous taste, it seems quite possible that natural selection has brought about a resemblance which in many instances will save the lives of the mimickers. But what advantage can a plant derive from having a bee-like flower? It has generally been laid down that from a flower's point of view the great advantage is to attract the visits of insects which will carry the pollen from one to another and so secure cross-fertilization, and in consequence that, by the operation of natural selection, flowers have adapted themselves to attract such visits. It is evident, however, that it is not to a bee that another bee would go for honey, so that the resemblance of a flower to the insect cannot be thus explained; in addition to which it has been found by experience that bees never visit the Bee Ophrys at all; and it has actually been suggested that the object is in this instance to keep bees away—which notion, however, Mr. Darwin pronounced most improbable. It is therefore necessary to discover some other explanation, and this is what the writer in question undertakes to supply. The object of blossoms, he tells us, is not mainly to attract honey-seekers, but to scare off browsing animals, which might devour them, and so destroy in the germ the young plants of which they were to be the parents. Thus, he declares,

We see at once the utility of the resemblance of a flower to an insect. More than this, we understand without trouble why the general arrangement of flowers should be so often to resemble peeping eyes, as in the daisy, or mouths, as in all labiate plants and allied orders, or winged insects, as in the peaflower and other orders, or should be streaked with thin lines, like spiders' legs, and so on. A grazing animal does not wish to take into its mouth an insect which may bite or sting, nor does it like to irritate creatures which peep out at it from the herbage,

and so forth, and so forth.

This is certainly magnificent. Whether it be science or not,

it is certainly a grand idea that cows should retreat in panic from a field of clover or vetches, or should see in a meadow as many ghastly shapes as though they were in *delirium tremens*, despite the notorious temperance of their habits. But if our theorist would descend to the prosaic region of fact, and walk through a pasture, observing what plants have been left severely alone, he would find that while peeping eyes, and mouths, and wings, have been ruthlessly gobbled up, the more fortunate survivors are such as the buttercups or the purging flax, which possessing none of these paraphernalia are bitter in their taste, or disagreeable in their consequences. But extravagances such as the above are likely to be perpetrated so long as men persuade themselves that they can understand "without trouble" the numberless mysteries which are presented by Nature at every turn.

The Spanish Pilgrim Lady, Egeria or Etheria.

Few of our readers who are interested in the history of the first Christian centuries can have failed to make acquaintance with the remarkable narrative of an early pilgrimage, brought to light for the first time in 1887, and then and since connected with the name of St. Silvia, the sister of Rufinus. Even apart from its striking descriptions of the holy places about the year 380, and of the ceremonial then followed by the Christian inhabitants of Palestine, the book, fragmentary as it is, has a singularly human interest. The energetic personality of the writer, her spirit of devotion, her studious scrutiny of the Holy Scriptures, her anxiety to leave no spot unvisited where pious memories still lingered, her keenness of observation, and a certain geniality and even eloquence which are discernible through all the rudeness of her ungrammatical Latin, make her a charming literary companion. While students have never ceased to be grateful to Signor Gammurini for his discovery in the library of Arezzo of our only known copy, they have also keenly deplored the ravages of time which have caused many serious *lacunæ* in the manuscript containing it. It need hardly be said that during the sixteen years which have elapsed since its publication the text has been studied and discussed by many famous scholars. The date of the pilgrimage and the person of the author have been made the subject of elaborate researches,

but the theory proposed in the beginning has hitherto held its ground, and until quite recently no one has had any better suggestion to offer than that the pilgrim was a certain Gaulish lady from Aquitaine of whom a few details are preserved to us under the name of Silvia. In fact the title *Peregrinatio Silvie* has taken such firm hold, that even now that we know our mistake, it will not be easy to recognize the work by any other designation.

It affords a curious commentary upon the incompleteness of the knowledge of even the most erudite, that during all these sixteen years a document lay quite on the surface, accessible to all in the Latin Patrology of Migne, which could hardly fail to suggest the truth at a glance to any reader who had once perused the so-called Pilgrimage of Silvia. To Dom Marius Férotin, a Benedictine monk formerly of Solesmes and now of Farnborough, belongs the credit of directing the attention of scholars to this evidence which they ought long ago to have turned to account, and which establishes the identity of the author of the pilgrimage beyond the possibility of doubt. In the eighty-seventh volume of Migne's Latin Patrology will be found the letter of a devout Spanish monk of the seventh century named Valerius, which letter amounts in substance to a panegyric in the most glowing terms of a certain religious lady of Galicia, who at an earlier epoch had spent many years in visiting Jerusalem, and the other holy places of Sinai and Palestine. We must refer our readers to Dom Férotin's fascinating article, which has also been separately reprinted, for the patient development of all the arguments which establish the identification of the heroine glorified by Valerius with the author of the *Peregrinatio*. Henceforth it can be Silvia's Pilgrimage no longer. The lady was not a Frenchwoman, but a Spaniard from Galicia. She was a nun, or at least the Superioress of a convent of consecrated virgins, and her name, according to the text of the letter now printed anew from a manuscript in the Escorial, was not Silvia but Etheria,¹ or, as we prefer to write it, Egeria.

And here we feel tempted to make a slight protest. From the facts which Dom Férotin's article sets before us it is clear

¹ The article originally appeared in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* for October last, under the title of "Le véritable Auteur de la *Peregrinatio Silvie*, la Vierge Espagnole Ethéria." The article has since been reprinted separately with a facsimile of the Escorial MS. of Valerius's Letter.

that there is no sort of uniformity in the writing of the name. We have Etheria, Echeria, Eiheria, and Egeria. But of these not only does the form Egeria appear in what is, so far as our data serve us, the oldest manuscript of Valerius's letter, that of Toledo, written in 902, but we find the name Egeria in a copy of the *Peregrinatio* itself, formerly belonging to Saint-Martial, of Limoges. This must surely take its spelling from an entirely independent source. Moreover, there is a curious *Ingerarium Gereie*, of which we have record, and which probably represents another ancient copy of the *Itinerarium Egeriae*, at any rate not *Etheriae*. After all the *g* was probably little more than an aspirate in pronunciation, especially when it occurred before *e*, for we should not otherwise find such a corruption in Visigothic texts as the form *origentis* written for *orientis*.¹ But if this were so it would be easy to explain why the word Egeria should assume the shape Eheria, Echeria, &c., and why it should be pronounced not very dissimilarly from the Latin adjective *ethèrea*. Our records are confessedly imperfect, but taking them as they stand the balance of probabilities seems to us to be distinctly in favour of the form Egeria, which Dom Férotin rejects, as we think, on insufficient grounds.²

Human Knowledge Unexplained.

There are many other things in nature besides human knowledge which have not yet been explained; gravitation, for instance, and electricity, and life. Every explanation which science has so far offered of the most ordinary natural processes, *e.g.*, the change of water into steam under due conditions of temperature and pressure, has consisted only in the removal of the mystery a little farther away, or rather in the discovery of new mysteries at the back of the old one. But it is precisely the discovery of these new mysteries that extends science and adds to man's power to direct the action of nature to his own ends.

And why has modern philosophy so far failed to explain human knowledge? Because she has mistaken the nature

¹ See Muñoz y Rivero, *Paleografía Visigoda*, p. 105.

² In a work on *Lent and Holy Week* published a few months back the present writer has ventured to adopt the form Egeria as that which is likely ultimately to prevail in writing the name of the author of the Pilgrimage.

of the problem before her. If the man of science, instead of endeavouring to penetrate further into the mystery of the motions of the heavenly bodies, had spent his time and energies in trying to discover how those bodies have come to be in motion; or if he had thought it his business to determine the general question of their reality rather than to observe them and to account for their being such as they appear to be; there would have been as little progress in astronomy as there has been of late in philosophy.

Now valid and consciously certain human judgments about the nature of concrete things are as truly "facts" as are the motions of the earth and planets. Their validity is as obvious to observation as is the reality of motion in the solar system. Their certitude is the natural product of the human mind under normal conditions of sense-experience. Why then, in the name of common sense, will not philosophers take them for what they are? If—as by this time we ought to have learned—the mere facts of sense-experience by which the judgments are conditioned do not and cannot fully account for them or for their certainty, why are they not studied for the purpose of discovering what *other* condition is required? Might not this prove to be the spirituality of the human soul?

Reviews.

I.—DUKES AND POETS IN FERRARA.¹

ALL those who have carefully studied Mr. Edmund Gardner's earlier works will be aware how much solid research lies behind the graceful sentences which flow so smoothly and read so pleasantly. But we can hardly be wrong in thinking that in this handsome volume on Ferrara he has given his readers more in the way of "value" than on any previous occasion. Ferrara, in any case, offers a much less threadbare subject than Florence or Siena or the other famous towns on the great caravan routes of the Anglo-American tourist, in the case of which the demand for information has necessarily brought into existence a proportionate supply. In the present instance, we believe that the normal economic law will for once be reversed. We quite anticipate that many a visitor will find his way to Ferrara in the course of the next year or two, who would never have thought of turning his steps thither had it not been for the haunting memories and brilliant descriptions of this absorbing volume. It would have been quite worth the while of the Ferrarese municipality, supposing the city to boast such an institution, if they had handsomely subsidized Mr. Gardner and his publisher for the production of this work. That nothing of importance has hitherto been available upon the subject for English readers appears clearly from the bibliography prefixed to the present volume. And even when we take into account the labours of Italian and German investigators, it is plain that Mr. Gardner has throughout been breaking new ground. His history of Ferrara—the work for the limited period which it covers fully deserves the name, though the author does not so style it—is largely based upon manuscript materials unearthed at Ferrara itself, at Modena,

¹ *Dukes and Poets in Ferrara ; a Study in the Poetry, Religion, and Politics of the Fifteenth and early Sixteenth Centuries.* By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. London : Constable, 1904.

and in the Archives of the Vatican. In almost all the libraries of Italy Mr. Gardner has been a diligent student, and we may mention, incidentally, that though his researches bear hardly upon such occupants of the Holy See as Alexander VI., and in a lesser degree upon the bellicose Julius II., his book has been honoured with the special benediction of the Holy Father.

We are glad to learn from the author's Preface that, although the present volume is complete in itself, it is intended that it should be followed by others or at least by another. What we find here is principally a vivid picture of the Court of Ferrara extending from the middle of the fifteenth century to the year 1509, and its interest chiefly centres in the personality of the second Duke, Ercole d'Este, a character which in its curious mixture of mysticism, statesmanship, art patronage, and humanism Mr. Gardner has evidently regarded with special predilection. We should hardly have expected to find our author so indulgent to Duke Ercole's failings, for Mr. Gardner is on most occasions a somewhat severe censor; but the fascination of the portrait he is painting has evidently taken hold of him, and where excuses can be found for his hero, he goes out of his way to make them. Among the more interesting pages in this study of Ercole d'Este are the curious details given concerning his relations with certain Dominican mystics and Beate, notably the Blessed Osanna Andreassi and Lucia da Narni. Concerning the latter Mr. Gardner writes:

On August 5th, Lucia made her solemn entry into the new convent, and Ercole naturally made a great function of the event, and formally consigned the keys to her charge. He heaped favours of all kinds upon her, great and small. The convent was richly endowed and he exempted her from giving any account to the Ducal Camera of what she received from him. We have curious records of painters set to work for her at his expense, of religious books given to her from the ducal library. He sought out rare relics of Dominican martyrs, to comfort her when she was ill. Her slightest wish to him was law. He ordered that peculiar honours and respect should be paid to her and to her confessors by all his subjects. The cloths in which her hands and feet were wrapped on the days upon which the blood gushed out anew, Wednesdays and Fridays and all the feasts consecrated to the Passion, were to him sacred objects, endowed with rare healing powers.

We hear in the instalment of the work now before us a good deal more of the Dukes than of the Poets of Ferrara, and

we expect that for all save specialists in Italian literature the lives of the Dukes offer the greater interest. So far as we have examined it, the volume does not contain a dull or tedious page. There is an Appendix of documents, all of them, practically speaking, new and some of exceptional importance. The work is embellished with some good portraits, though we confess that we should have been glad to spare one or two of them in exchange for a satisfactory map of the Ferrarese territory, a want which no attempt has been made to supply. There is also an excellent Index. We cordially wish Mr. Gardner the health and the leisure needed to prosecute his researches and to bring this great work to a satisfactory conclusion.

2.—DR. J. R. GASQUET'S STUDIES.¹

Many persons who remember reading with interest the various articles contributed by the late Dr. J. R. Gasquet to the *Dublin Review* will be glad to acquire the moderately-priced volume in which these studies are collected in a handy form. They deal largely with topics of importance in the early history of the Church, topics, for the most part, which had been brought into prominence either by new discoveries of Patristic documents, or by the more noteworthy publications of Catholic scholars on the Continent. Dr. Gasquet, though unable through pressure of work to devote himself to original research in the field of Christian origins, was always interested in such subjects, and was a diligent reader of French and German books in which they were discussed. In this way he came to render considerable service by popularizing the conclusions of such scholars as Mgr. Duchesne, Professor Bickell, and Dr. Probst, at a time when their work was otherwise little noticed in England. Dr. Gasquet possessed the gift of writing clearly and summarizing well, and his essays on the early history of the Mass, the Apostles' Creed, the ceremonial of Baptism, &c., may still be recommended as excellent digests of some of the most important of the theories which have been propounded of late years. Besides these studies in the domain of Christian origins, the present volume also contains several weighty and interesting papers on philosophical questions, and on subjects such as

¹ *Studies contributed to the Dublin Review* by the late Dr. J. R. Gasquet. Edited by Dom H. N. Birt, O.S.B. With an Introduction by Bishop Hedley. Westminster: The Art and Book Co., 1904.

Hypnotism and the Miracles of Lourdes, which were more immediately connected with Dr. Gasquet's own professional pursuits. Bishop Hedley contributes an appreciative Preface to the volume, in which he speaks feelingly of the example set by Dr. Gasquet to his fellow-laymen, and commends earnestly to their imitation the intelligent interest which he took "in what Dupanloup used to call *fortes études*." The articles are printed, without alteration, as they originally appeared. We may regret in some instances that the fresh material which has come to light since these essays were written has not been rendered available, but it is easy to see that the task of incorporation would have been very arduous if not impossible. The book is well and clearly printed, but we may regret that a little more attention has not in some places been paid to correcting errors of the press. The Greek accents are not always immaculate, and there is a curious freak of the printer which has passed unobserved on p. 211 in the name of "Mgr. Duch'esne."

3.—WELCOME.¹

Welcome is the title of Mother Mary Loyola's new book, and that is also the term with which the many readers of her former works will greet its appearance. It is, as the secondary title declares, an aid towards the art of using well the times before and after Communion, and the title of *Welcome* is in itself an illustration of the writer's felicitous power—to which Father Thurston calls attention in a short editorial preface—of giving expression to thoughts one has been long feeling but has not been able exactly to define. For what this one word "Welcome" does is to single out and set strikingly before us the underlying disposition which, whether in other respects we be joyous under consolation or dry and distracted under desolation, makes the one essential difference between a fervent and a lukewarm Communion.

Many circumstances [she says so truly] will determine the character of the preparation for the visit of a guest—his rank, his relations with us, the object of his visit, and perhaps our special needs at the time. But our disposition will ensure its fitness and its acceptableness in every case. Let him but hear "Welcome" from our lips, or rather

¹ *Welcome! Holy Communion before and after.* By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston. London: Burns and Oates.

see "Welcome" in our face, and he will be satisfied. "Welcome" greets the sovereign in letters of light. It is seemly on the lips of the poorest peasant, of the casual acquaintance, of the intimate friend, of the parent, and of the child. It never tires, it never grows monotonous or superfluous. For it takes a new meaning with every change of circumstance affecting our guest or ourselves. If either is joyous or sad, wronged, weary, anxious, burdened, disturbed—it suits itself to every need.

Working on these lines Mother Mary Loyola arranges her chapters to accord with the different aspects under which the soul may need and desire to welcome its Lord in Holy Communion. Thus we have the Welcome of Mary as the grand example for us to follow, the Welcome of Faith, of a Creature, of a Child, of a Sinner, of a Friend, of a Patient, of Trust, of a Toiler, of Love, of a Cross-bearer, these and others of a similar kind—and finally the Last Welcome. Under each heading we have half a dozen pages of appropriate thoughts for the times before and after Communion, consisting partly of self-communing, partly of prayers; which last, however, are by no means cast in the rigid moulds so familiar to us in our prayer-books—of Acts of Contrition, of Desire, of Love, of Self-oblation—but range freely and naturally among the various affections of the soul.

Mother Mary Loyola's style is so well known that it seems superfluous to illustrate it, but we may transcribe the following passage, as one of many in which she shows herself able to understand and minister to just the very anxieties and perplexities which disturb the minds of frequent communicants.

Vain is the aid of man—not from want of patience to hear, or effort to unravel, or sympathy to appreciate difficulties, or kindness to seek and suggest a remedy. Good-will we find abundantly, more than we have any right to expect. But there are times and needs when it goes for very little, how little we dare not show. Yes, truly vain is the aid of man. He alone can bring true help in trouble who understands us through and through—every fibre and fold of our complex nature; every influence that has been brought to bear upon it from the beginning; every response of the will that has gone to the moulding of our character for better or for worse. Who knows our immense possibilities for good and for evil; the precise amount of guilt and of merit attending to our every thought, and word, and deed, since we came to the use of reason. Who sees the ignorance and frailty that enables Him to find such abundant excuse for us; and the good-will He is so ready to magnify and reward. Our bringing-up He knows, and

how home and friends, reading, amusements, the conflicts, cares, and sorrows of life have left their mark upon us. He understands our peculiar temperament, and estimates with perfect accuracy our strength and our resources, our physical, moral, and spiritual deficiencies. The pressure put upon spirits and temper by the monotony of daily duties and the rubs of daily life is known to Him, and the heavier trial of anxiety for those we love. The exact nature of our spiritual difficulties, and the causes of phenomena and vicissitudes which are altogether beyond our ken, are clear to Him. How it comes to pass that darkness suddenly overclouds our soul as a fog drops on the sea; why grace will bear us triumphantly through one trial, and in another leave us to feel the effects of our own weakness and insufficiency, is His secret who orders all things sweetly. . . . O surely, we may turn with confidence to such an One as this! For He is not Creator only, though this were sweet enough, but Father and Friend. He not only knows, but feels, and loves, and provides. If He lets the good-will of those about us fail so signally to bring us help in trouble, it is that we may be drawn into His open arms and folded to His breast. He needs none to disclose to Him the secrets of hearts, for He knows what is in man. He hath set His eye upon our hearts (Ecclus. xvii.) and every heart is understood by Him (Ecclus. xvi.).

This passage is in the form of a spiritual reading, but neither in the spiritual readings nor in the prayers which this book contains is it the writer's intention that the reader shall do more than prepare himself remotely for Communion, by a quiet reflection on the dominant thoughts suggested. When the time of immediate preparation and thanksgiving comes, the "soul should be left to shape its own prayer, in words more direct and intimate, than any that could be provided from without."

4.—FALSE EXEGESIS AND BAD THEOLOGY.¹

Replies to M. Loisy's theories are multiplying in France. What now lies before us is a pamphlet of this character from the pen of Mgr. le Camus, the Bishop of Rochelle. Mgr. le Camus was the "Evêque" to whom the third letter in *Autour d'un petit livre* was addressed; and being thus challenged he has felt it his duty to reply. *Fausse Exégèse et mauvaise Théologie* is in form "a letter to the Directors of the Seminary," and perhaps on this account does not confine itself to the

¹ *Fausse Exégèse et mauvaise Théologie.* Par E. le Camus, Evêque de Rochelle et Saintes. Paris: Librairie Oudin.

particular subject of M. Loisy's third letter, but considers all the principal errors which its author finds in M. Loisy's last two books—those, that is to say, on the nature of God, of Christ, of Revelation, of Faith, of the Gospel records, of the Church, of her dogmas, their formation and growth, and of the origin of the sacraments. It is easy to show the essential divergence of M. Loisy's theories on these points from the doctrines which the Catholic Church has ever held, and to which she is committed in the most irrevocable way. Indeed, the mystery is how M. Loisy himself, whatever he may think of his own theories in themselves, can have thought it conceivable that the Church could ever adopt them, except, were that possible, by an act which would amount to moral suicide. This much Mgr. le Camus makes perfectly clear, but he recognizes at the same time, as we must all do, that it is not enough to show the incompatibility of such theories with the creed of the Church, but that it must also be shown that they rest on a false foundation, even from the point of view of pure history and science. Accordingly he includes this latter inquiry in his programme, but here we cannot think that his treatment is adequate to the occasion. How could it be, when so much ground has to be covered, within a space of some hundred and twenty pages? And the result is particularly unfortunate in such a controversy as the present, for the appearance is created that the author does not grasp the real force of objections which undoubtedly cause anxiety to many well-intentioned minds, and thus colour is lent to the common allegation that orthodox writers are so ready to condemn the author of new theories just because they will not take the trouble to understand the motives which animate them. For these reasons we should have much preferred it, had the distinguished writer confined himself to one or two of the many points he takes up, for instance, to that with which he commences, which so far has not been sufficiently dealt with in the replies to M. Loisy, his suggestion that our idea of God needs to be revised in order to make it agree with the modern conception of immanence. This particular point, indeed, might not have appealed so strongly to Mgr. le Camus, but we refer to it merely as an illustration of the utility to be derived from a really helpful study of any one or other of M. Loisy's novel principles.

Two more criticisms on the pamphlet before us we may be allowed to make, without failing in appreciation of so much

that is good in its pages. One is on the tone of acerbity which pervades it, a tone which is no doubt excusable in view of the similar tone in the third letter of *Autour d'un petit livre*, but which is none the less to be regretted. The other is on the form in which the author casts his exposition of the relation of Catholic exegesis to the authority of the Church. "My right," he says, in defining the function of a Catholic critic, "is strictly limited. In the name of science, I proceed to inquire into the exactitude and literal sense of texts, of arguments internal and external, in order to arrive at the conclusion which antecedently I know to be certain, or rather to the demonstration which I have the right to oppose to unbelievers; the demonstration, namely, that the four biographies of Jesus afford an authentic source of testimony, and that the fourth Gospel is quite as historical, authentic, and inspired as the other three. Thus the science which I purpose to lay under contribution, with as much candour and sincerity as the rationalists of every school, is not merely to confirm my own faith, but also to kindle that of others." In a sense this method is doubtless sound. Once we have judged on adequate grounds that the authority of the Church can be implicitly trusted in its exercise, we are entitled to take its decisions as a basis of inference as to the truth of the conclusions we proceed to examine by the methods of science or historical criticism. But that is not all—nor is it a good way of putting it. Not a good way of putting it, as it is sure to be understood—contrary of course to what Mgr. le Camus desires—as meaning that we are bound by our faith to encourage instead of resisting the disturbing influence of bias in the selection and rejection of scientific and critical evidence: and not all, because, though we start from a mental certitude that the truth is here not there, we are bound to prevent this certitude derived from other sources from exercising an undue influence on our scientific and critical examinations, in conducting and concluding which only scientific *criteria* must enter into our balance of evidences. What, in short, we have to do is to try and show that the two ends, that of faith and that of science and criticism, meet harmoniously in the same results; and we are bound under pain of being accounted dishonest, to abstain carefully from bending and twisting on either side.

5.—THE CHRONICLE OF ST. MONICA'S.¹

This a charming book. Before one begins to read, print and paper, binding and illustrations lead us to expect good matter proposed in good form; and our expectations are not disappointed. The Chronicle is so interesting, so suggestive, so valuable, that we can only wonder that it was never printed before.

It sets before us, what we have had no chance of seeing hitherto, the way in which good Catholic ladies lived during the times of persecution. For though it is a chronicle of a convent, most of its pages are not taken up with what was done within the cloister, but with the difficulties and trials the Sisters had to go through before they reached that port of safety. The adventures of a Sister will suggest or involve the fortunes of her family, so that the chronicler had a wide choice and ample material to fill her pages. Sometimes she is quite carried away by her enthusiasm for her subject. The virtues of Sister Elizabeth Woodford, who had been a nun in England before the fall of the conventual life and was thus a bond with the great past, are recalled with reverent loyalty. Mother Margaret Clement may perhaps be called the heroine of the book. She was the daughter of Margaret Giggs, Sir Thomas More's foster daughter, who heroically fed the Carthusian Martyrs whom Henry was starving to death in Newgate. Mother Margaret lived in the community for sixty-two years (including her "scholarship"), and for most of those years was its Mother and model, and in extreme old age had the consolation of seeing two nieces professed in the convent. A week later she took her last leave of her Sisters. The touching scene must be described in the chronicler's own words.

Upon Thursday sennight after her nieces' profession, at night recreation she desired of our Superior that she would give her leave now to sing like a swan before her death, which she freely gave her licence to do. And then the worthy old Mother from the exceeding joy and jubilation of her heart sang a devout song of Jesus, which made one of the elders to weep that sat near her, and she also said that she left unto us these her two pledges in her place. . . . So that now

¹ *The Chronicle of the English Augustinian Canonesses Regular of the Lateran at St. Monica's, Louvain, 1548 to 1625.* Edited by Dom Adam Hamilton, O.S.B. London: Sands, 1904.

Almighty God having given her this last comfort after her faithful service, would no longer detain her in this life, but bring her to a better; wherefore upon the very next Friday, being in the choir with the rest at a Dirge, she was taken extreme sick, yet she made a hard shift to stay out the Dirge, showing her love of the Divine Service even to the last, after which it was time to have her in bed, for she had a sore ague with a pleurisy, which although she was let blood, yet it brought her unto a blessed end.

But as we have before said, the value of the *Chronicle* lies most of all in what it tells us about England. We have here quite a number, say forty or fifty, of the histories of Catholic families in brief, and needless to say they almost always relate to severe trials bravely borne. Of these episodes the most striking are connected with the names of Allen, Aston, Babthorpe, Blundell, Constable, Copley, Gifford, Shirley, Pole, Throckmorton, Windsor, and Wiseman. The fortunes of the families of the lay-sisters, for instance that of Stonehouse, are sometimes equally remarkable, while the stories of the English and Irish beggar-women and of the boy who afterwards became a Jesuit¹ are very characteristic of the times. The records of conversions to the faith are numerous and well worthy of attention. All is told, as we have said before, without any sentimentality, philosophizing, or affectation—memoirs of the best sort, eulogistic of course, but full of instructive side-lights on the history of the period.

As a second volume is in preparation, we are tempted to offer a suggestion or two. Is it for instance well that the editorial comments should be quite so ample? They fill exactly half the volume, and are typographically uniform with the *Chronicle* itself. This leads to some incongruous results. Thus on page 236 we find notice of the late marriage of the Duke of Norfolk, cheek by jowl with the records of the year 1622! A word of warning should be added in regard to the eulogistic tendencies of the chronicler, and we must protest against the praise of quasi-martyrdom awarded to Thomas Throckmorton. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, the genealogies are most praiseworthy, and the general accuracy of the editing reflects great credit on all connected with the work.

¹ Pp. 102, 117, 249.

6.—CLANDESTINE MARRIAGES.¹

The troubles that may come upon a hard-working priest from not being abreast of the times in his knowledge of the "Case-Law" (as we may call it) of marriage are many and serious. Practically he has to be his own lawyer, at least to the extent of judging wisely when there is necessity of having recourse to the courts. And there are so many sides from which complications may arise. In the application of the law of Clandestinity alone there are the questions of the limits of publication, the domicile of the parties, the status of the official witness under the given circumstances, and many other relevant questions to be taken into account, before he can safely decide upon the course he should follow. And mistaken action may easily bring him into conflict with the authorities, and great trouble of conscience as well.

Under these circumstances a handy manual, such as the one before us, methodical, practically complete, and up-to-date, the work of an expert and Doctor in Canon Law, is a book not only to be read and studied, but to be kept on the table for constant reference.

After two chapters on the promulgation and binding effects of the decree *Tametsi*, the author devotes separate chapters to the questions of domicile, the Curé and the Ordinary, delegation, the celebration of marriages, and the publication of the banns. Of course he writes for France. But much that he writes has a far wider application, and all may be wanted by the English priest who comes across a difficult case of a marriage contracted in France or any other Catholic country.

The value of the book is enormously enhanced by an exceptionally full Index. And, as Appendices, there are given (1) a list of the countries in which the decree *Tametsi* runs, with the limitations as to persons or places which custom or the ruling of authority has established; and (2) a full report of the important "Case of Clandestinity" (*In Colonien*. 18 martii, 1893), in which the validity and lawfulness of a general mutual "delegation" by all the parish priests of a diocese came up for decision.

¹ *De la Clandestinité dans le Mariage*. Par l'Abbé R. Bassibey. Paris: H. Oudin, 1904. 416 pp. 3 fr. 50.

7.—THE LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE.¹

The Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise is, as a note explains, "written specially for the benefit of the Sick Children at the Hospital, Temple Street, Dublin, to whose comfort and help all proceeds will be devoted in the new Convalescent Home." This being the destination of the proceeds, we can but trust they may be satisfactory. At the same time, it is impossible to feel that this little "drama"—or acting-piece, as it would be more fittingly called—attains to the standard one expects from the author of *My New Curate*. Three girls in an Irish Convent School impersonate, in a Speech Day tableau, the three Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. After telling their fates to others, they have their own told them by a Voice from the audience. One is to become a nun, another to be married, but the fate of the third is involved in obscurity, which the course of the piece is to dispel. So far so good; but the experiences through which Atropos has to pass are most unlikely. Want of verisimilitude, in fact, pervades the play, and is to be found not merely in the construction of the plot, but in its incidents and allusions. Thus, the novice coming into the chapel to take her vows, appears in a bridal dress; presently after, the same novice now professed, whilst walking down a path in the Convent garden, a *cul-de-sac*, is met by an objectionable young man, who is there to force himself on her friend. Again, in London the same nun is found, in company it is true with some children, in the midst of a general audience at a public hall of entertainment to witness some tableaux. When was a nun seen to do that? And not to speak of a display of tableaux being an unusual form of public entertainment in London, whatever induced the author to call his hall of entertainment "the Athenæum"? Fancy the feelings of the immortals in Waterloo Place at such a desecration. Still, while feeling constrained to note these serious blemishes, we freely grant that there are features and passages in this little production which reflect the author's talent.

¹ *The Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise*. A Drama of Modern Life. By the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. London: Longmans, 1904.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

To the Art and Book Company (Cathedral Precincts, Westminster) we are indebted for three welcome volumes. The first is a reprint of Canon Cafferata's well-known *Catechism Simply Explained* (Fourth Edition, 1904. Boards, 1s. net.) The second, under the title *Tyburn and the English Martyrs*, contains six sermons preached in honour of the Martyrs by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. (paper, 128 pp. 1s.); and the third is a fragment from an unpublished poem of Emily Mary Shapcote, printed as a booklet with the title *Immaculata, the Pearl of Great Price*.

The cheap editions of *Fabiola* and *Callista* (6d. each), just published by Burns and Oates, Ltd., are a great credit to the firm. Both print and paper are excellent. The venture deserves success—a sale that will encourage more ventures of the same sort.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have also issued a reprint of the late Princess Liechtenstein's translation of *Nora*, Ferdinand Feriins von Brackel's novel. The book has been a favourite; for the story is a good one. By the way, how curious it is that English readers should resent ever being obliged to decide for themselves between two grammatically possible combinations of phrases! A German would at once pick his way through the following: "Was it also by accident that she pressed the carnation that she had brought from the garden to her lips?"

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals:

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1904, III.)

The doctrine of St. Augustine concerning the Redemption and its relation to Neo-Platonism. *C. Van Crombrugghe*. The Three Catechetical Homilies of the Gelasian Sacramentary. *P. de Puniet, O.S.B.* Was Pope John XXII. a miser? *G. Mollat*. Reviews, Bibliography, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIEUNE. (August, 1904.)

Axioms. *V. Bailly*. Original Sin in the mind of St. Augustine.
F. Blachère. St. Paulinus of Nola. *P. Martain*. The
 League and the Fronde, 1595 and 1652. *R. de Chefdebien*.
 Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (August.)

Charles Chesnelong. *M. de Marcey*. Montalembert. The Drumont
 of To-day. *Abbé Delfour*. Dante's Work as a Poet.
F. Fontaine. The Work of the Propagation of the Faith.
C. de Lajudie. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (August.)

The Small General Catechism of the Vatican Council. *R. Rirch*.
 Towns and the distribution of Population. *H. Roch*. How
 to reform the Criminal. *B. Cathrein*. Outline and Colour
 as represented in the artistic exhibits at Düsseldorf. *J.*
Braun. Savigny and Bavaria. *O. Pfülf*. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (August 20.)

French Catholics—their rights and duties. *H. Berdior*. "La
 Tare"—recollections of an Italian tour in 1903. *L. Perroy*.
 A Frontier in Danger. *A. Butin*. The destruction of the
 great Army of La Vendée. *P. Bliard*. A new edition
 of Luther's Table Talk. *P. Bernard*. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (August.)

The Patronage of the Immaculate Conception in the Spanish
 Dominions. *E. Portillo*. A Solution of the Social
 Problem. *M. Codina*. The question of Method and
 Criterium in Ecclesiastical Sciences. *L. Murillo*. The
 Privilege of the Kings of Spain in the promotion to
 Bishoprics. *F. Ayuso*. Feminism in a welcome form.
J. Alarcón. The Religious Spirit in Contemporary
 Russia. *M. Martínez*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (August 20.)

Patriotic Prowess, the feats of the Third French Republic. The
 Christianity of the Gospel and that of the Abbé Loisy.
 The Tusculan Disputations of Cicero. A worthy Tribute
 to the Virgin Immaculate. The two first Embassies of
 the Japanese to Rome. Statement of the rupture of
 Diplomatic Relations between France and the Holy See.
 Reviews, &c.

